# The Relief Society Magazine

NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1957

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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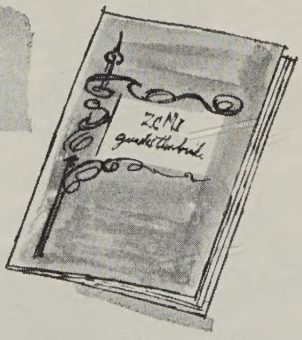

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# *In Autumn*

*Enola Chamberlin*

Let us speak softly in this autumn air,
Lest we disturb the orchard's loose-held leaves,
Or send to ground the last late-hanging pear,
Or fright the swallow clinging to the eaves.
Lest we disturb the robin now at rest
Before his flight to reach the summer south;
Disturb the chipmunk on his acorn quest,
The squirrel, a pilfered nut within his mouth.
Let us speak softly, corn is in the shock;
The yellow pumpkins piled across the field,
The frost has drawn back his hand to knock,
To hammer loudly on the summer's shield.
Let us speak softly, nature waits to know
If all the earth is ready for her snow.

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The Cover: Pueblo at Taos, New Mexico
Photograph by Willard Luce

Frontispiece Photograph: Autumn Morning, Near Salt Lake City, Utah
Photograph by Harry Harpster, Jr.

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

# Sparkling Family Hour

*Shirley B. and Monroe J. Paxman*

HAS your family life been all that you wanted it to be? Has it been fun, romantic, genuinely interesting? Especially has it been free from tension and bickering? Does each member stay relaxed and completely at ease?

If you are like a great many of us, your answer is probably "No." Too often home life is something to be endured, rather than enjoyed. Family routine becomes just that—*routine*.

If yours is that way, then we have good news for you.

"Family Hour" is the answer! This plan for happiness is neither costly, complicated, nor coyprighted. And, best of all, it can be adapted for use by any family anywhere.

Many parents overlook the tremendous possibilities of happiness within their own family circle. They plan things to get away from their children instead of planning to include them all.

We believe the Family Hour is the finest way to create and strengthen family unity, to build tradition in the home. Traditions, in their simplest sense, mean something people invent in order to hold fast to home and one another. Little things, often repeated, if they are pleasant things, become woven into the commonplaceness of existence like bright threads — giving character, lending enchantment. And the memories of family tradition that children accumulate go with them through their lives.

The traditions holding families together are often so small and simple that the outside world hardly recognizes them. The father and mother who devote one regular time to social life with their children will escape that left-out feeling when their children have grown up. Those with a tradition of love and companionship, dignity, and peace, will give their children a heritage they will fight to preserve.

The Family Hour provides the most ideal situation to teach religion in the home, to discuss the principles of the gospel and instill in our children the desire to apply the gospel teachings to their daily lives. It provides an opportunity for teaching and practicing self-expression by active participation of each family member; for developing and encouraging talents of family members; for teaching consideration and respect for others; for encouraging co-operation among all members of the family, the Church, the schools and the community; and, above all, it encourages fun and laughter and wholesome recreation within the family circle.

WRITING from our own experience in conducting the Family Hour in our home, there are several suggestions we might make that help build toward a more enriched Family Hour.

1. Adapt your Family Hour program to the needs and ages of your own family. We suggest great flexibility and a willingness to change the program on the spur

the moment, if it doesn't suit the mily's desires. This doesn't lead to a phazard "make-do-occasion," if well-pplied preparations are kept on hand. ing prepared with a great variety of tivities or themes for family hour is a eat help in keeping the interest and thusiasm of the family in high favor.

2. Set aside a definite time when the mily can gather together free from any terruptions or absences. This isn't easy do but is of primary importance to a ntinued, *persistent* Family Hour. Once e time is decided upon, all family mem-rs plan their schedules to allow for the mily Hour. By advance mutual agree-ent it can be held *earlier* if something intense importance requires part or all the members of the family to be else-here.

Many wards and stakes have adopted e practice of setting aside certain eve-ngs as "home evenings" to encourage milies in the observance of the Family our, free from conflicting meetings.

It is helpful to gain the support of the riesthood by asking leaders to encour-ge active participation by men in the amily Hour.

3. The Family Hour should begin with rayer or be closed with family prayers. rayers seem especially heartwarming and arnest after time spent with the family. he prayer should be short and appro-riate and should contribute to the spirit, urpose, and theme of the evening.

4. All members of the family should ave opportunity for various responsibilities the Family Hour. Some families choose hemes weeks or months ahead according the vote of the family, and make as-ignments to family members. Others use weekly assignment sheet posted on the ulletin board, rotating assignments as ollows: chairman, storyteller, refresh-ent chairman, game leader, scripture eader, family council chairman, cleanup. Assignments can be combined or expanded o fit the number of children in the fam-ly. Each person rotates to the next posi-ion each week.

5. Developing children's leadership abili-ies is an important aim of the Family Hour. It's easier for the parents just to "take charge" and order that this and that be done. But the wise parents will delegate the responsibilities, set up an organization, and let the children run the program, with only occasional guidance from Mom and Dad.

6. A scripture reading each time will assist family members in respect for and familiarity with the standard works. Let each family member select his favorite pas-sages. The older children or the parents can give helpful guidance to those who need help with their selections.

7. Family council should be an integral part of each family hour. It encourages communication and the expression of feel-ings for a good practice of the democratic process. This period need not be long. It's actually best to avoid long, drawn-out "grievance-type-sessions." Five minutes spent in airing family problems will go a long way toward orderliness. Try to keep it constructive and don't get carried away with doing everything by vote. The aim is to solve problems, not just to legislate. Help prepare your older children to make constructive statements about the neces-sity and value of co-operative family work.

8. Choose a project for each occasion toward which each person expends his best efforts. You'll think of dozens, but here are some samples: "I am part of my home." (Each is to improve the home.) "I like my family." (Encourage recogni-tion of blessings and expression of appreci-ation.) "Waste not—want not." (Turn off lights, water, range. Compare utility bills with previous periods, etc.) "A place for everything—everything in its place." "I know something good about you."

9. Refreshments. Help them, give ad-vice if needed, but let the children do it. A budget, say 25c or so, will help this chairman use his ingenuity and imagina-tion. Keep them simple—popcorn, a marshmallow roast, fruit, a special dessert.

10. Inviting guests. Here's a world of opportunity to encourage understanding and tolerance for others and the sharing of joys. Much can be learned, more can be shared.

THEMES for Family Hour can be as varied as you wish. The possibilities of Family Hour centered around different activities are unlimited and can provide many hours of fun, education, and progress in all those things that make for more abundant living. Following are some suggested subjects that are adaptable for family fun.

A. Holidays. These provide almost every month with at least one excellent subject for Family Hour. Too numerous to be listed are the events that could be used in observing our national and religious holidays. A few examples suffice:

Flag Day. A history of our flag — illustrated steps in the development of today's flag done by David. A talk and demonstration by John on how to show respect for the flag and how to display and care for it. Poems, stories, and songs about our flag by other members of the family.

May Day. Revive the beautiful custom of winding the May pole with the neighborhood children invited to participate. The tether ball pole is used for this event, with crepe paper streamers as ribbons.

Christmas. At Christmas time Annette presents her traditional shadow puppet play of the story of the nativity and all members of the family present Christmas customs of other lands, e.g., the pinata from Mexico (made from a paper sack decorated with white crepe paper to resemble a goose stuffed with candies and trinkets); the wooden shoes from Holland, filled with carrots and straw for St. Nicholas' reindeer.

B. Special Events. Baptism, confirmation, Priesthood ordinations, Primary graduation, calls to positions of leadership in any organization, not to mention birthdays—all provide opportunities for the family to pay honor to a loved one with special activities at Family Hour.

C. "Home Protection Exercises." Specifically as outlined in the pamphlet "Home Protection Exercises," a family action program of Civil Defense, is a wonderful chance to prepare in advance for all types of emergencies in the home. Fire and safety measures are planned and practiced so each member of the family understands his own part. John gives a demonstration in First Aid, David talks about fire prevention and rules of firemanship, Carol and Nancy plan home safety measures, and all members participate in a fire drill. An evening such as this gives children a sense of security and ability to assume responsibility in an emergency, even if the parents are absent when the emergency strikes.

D. Evenings spent in practicing the rules of common courtesy and good manners can be most profitable. Small children can be taught the proper way to answer the telephone, greet callers, answer the door, observe table manners; all benefit by practicing manners in speech, introductions, behavior in church, public places, dining out, asking for a date, etc. These lessons take on added significance and thoughtfulness and go a long way in instilling the social graces in our children, all done in a spirit of good fun and comradeship.

E. Family scrapbooks, diaries, genealogy records, and family histories all provide ideal activities for family members. At the age of twelve, each child is given his own Book of Remembrance and encouraged to complete the charts and histories.

F. Many pleasant family hours can be spent in enjoying nature's beautiful facets —profitable hours can be spent in nature rambles, visits to exhibits, working on scrapbooks, collections, conservation projects, etc.

G. Current magazine articles have been the inspiration for many Family Hours. For example, articles on physical fitness, accident prevention, world affairs and problems in understanding and living with our neighbors, all contribute themes for Family Hour. Teenagers especially might appreciate a Family Hour spent in discussing responsibilities of driving a car, traffic rules and regulations as outlined in the

hotograph by Bob Stum
ourtesy **The Instructor**

THE MONROE J. PAXMAN FAMILY

At the left: Shirley B. Paxman. Standing at the left: Monroe J. Paxman, holding Mary Beth (three). Seated at the table, left to right: Nancy (nine); David (Ten); John Thirteen); Carolyn (eleven); Annette (five). Not in the picture: Susan (one).

rivers' *Handbook* (State Department of ublic Safety). Even small children could rticipate by building a highway system n the living room floor and with model rs illustrate the various rules of traffic nd what the road signs mean.

H. Group studies for older children ight include world cultures (an excellent onthly program is published by Ameri- n Geographical Society, Dept. T. 1-4 arden City, N. Y.); a nature program Audubon Nature Program, Dept. 1 M-3, arden City, N.Y.); Great Men and Great sues in an American Heritage (Ford oundation Publication); famous artists nd their works; famous musicians and eir works; biographies; the Bible and ook of Mormon studies; standard works f the Church; and Church writings by outstanding men and women in the Church.

I. *The Children's Friend* and other Church publications provide wonderful Family Hour programs, especially suitable for Latter-day Saint families striving to rear their children in keeping with gospel standards.

J. Hobby night can be one of the most rewarding Family Hours of all. Delightful time can be spent together working on the hobbies of individual members or the entire family. Collections of all kinds add knowledge and rich rewards to those who enjoy this field. Notable among these are coin, stamps, rocks and mineral, shells, china, rare books, records, insects, dolls, souvenirs, autographs, fos-

sils, buttons. Arts and crafts also lend enrichment to the family in painting, writing, storytelling, music, photography, gardening, radio, miniature trains, as do physical hobbies the entire family can enjoy such as swimming, hiking, skiing, boating, baseball, dancing, skating, and horseback riding.

K. Family game night is a fun and lively affair with the assistance of a homemade game chest. Ours is made from an old discarded suitcase lined with bright plastic and containing the equipment for hundreds of games for two to fifty players. All the equipment is home gathered —a bottle of beans, ball of twine, whistle, box of matches (with tips removed), scrap paper, pencil, tennis ball, ping-pong balls, balloons, alphabet cards, number cards, pins, crayons, marbles, Rook cards, rubber jar rings, two empty pop bottles, small paper plates, dowel sticks, two bean bags, cardboard separators from egg cases, two metal jar rings, a collection of quizzes cut from magazines mounted on cards with answers on the back, and a good game book (one of the best is *Recreation Leaders Handbook*, published by Utah State University, Logan, Utah, 10c).

L. Having fun with puppets is in great demand at our home for our Family Hour. Here is the ideal activity for all members of the family to work on together. Our favorites are simple shadow puppets with a cardboard box stage. Figures of nursery rhymes, nursery songs, short stories and legends, cut out of heavy paper and mounted on thin sticks, are manipulated by the three to five-year-olds with ease. The entire family join in singing the simple songs, while the action takes place. Stick puppets are next, also performed in a grocery carton. Cardboard figures of the Bible stories, Book of Mormon characters, fairy tales, make wonderful actors when mounted on sticks or pencils. Simple sock puppets and hand puppets attract the entire family as children of all ages put on the little plays they have written themselves or adapted from well-known stories. A simple puppet theatre made by Dad and the boys from four orange crates is made attractive with scenery and draperies made by the girls with Mother's assistance. A truly rewarding program includes all members of the family in this wonderful world of "make believe" and play acting!

M. Adventuring with books is the key that opens the door to a magic childhood. Reading aloud together is for all ages, the youngest and the oldest, the whole family or a portion of it, and the really great books should be shared with all members of the family. Family Hour can be the magic hour of storytelling.

Of course, the Bible is the greatest book of all, and rich indeed is the family who knows it intimately. Where else can we find a story teller to match Jesus, the incomparable? And storytelling from the Bible takes on vividness when used in the home as the basis for simple acting out of Bible narratives, or by using various visual aids such as the flannel board and groove board. Bible and Book of Mormon characters often found in the *Instructor* and *Children's Friend* are ideal for this type of storytelling. Old religious calendars provide an inexpensive way to collect Old and New Testament pictures to illustrate Bible stories. Many excellent books have been written for children about the Bible, Book of Mormon, pioneers, Church history, all of which contain material for Latter-day Saint family reading. An introduction to the classics in literature will greatly enrich any child's life, if presented in the warmth and understanding of the family circle. Family experiences and biographies of family members, missionary experiences, Indian stories, and emigration stories also provide storytelling material.

N. Music in the home is of vital importance and the Family Hour can be the culmination of talents and interest in this delightful medium—who doesn't like to sing? Just a good family song-fest from "Here's a Ball for Baby" to part singing of loved and familiar songs is a wonderful way to spend an hour at home. Children should be encouraged to lead the singing and also to teach new songs to the group. Many special Primary, Sunday School, M.I.A., and Relief Society songs can be taught to the entire family for all to enjoy. Folk songs and ballads, as well as songs of other nations, all have universal appeal. Dramatic songs and

tion songs add lively interest to the mily "sing."

Listening to recordings of great symonies and artists can be a rich experince, and the benefits to be enjoyed are merous. For example, plan a Family our centered around an opera, and aim to id the story beforehand and acquaint l members of the family with it. Study ie life of the composer and then listen id seek to capture the emotional charac- r of the music. Listening to a symphony chestra becomes a fruitful delight, you observe the music played, learn ie background of the composer and the mposition, note how the orchestra is ivided into groups of instruments, and arn to identify the solo parts.

O. Drama in the home, expressed in mple charades, or dressing up and acting ut favorite nursery tales can provide many leasant "family hours." Play acting is atural to young children, but play readng is a form of entertainment often negcted in families. Borrow the M.I.A. ook of Plays or get a good book of onect plays from the library. One member f the family might read aloud or let each ad his own part. Skits and stunts will reate a feeling of fun and good will hen all family members join in the erformance.

P. The simplest of all dance action is ortrayed in the little singing games comion to children. Most homes can push he chairs back and make room for this ype of delightful activity. One Family Iour evening could be spent in which the hildren might enjoy folk dances and inging games. It may be spent in teachng family members to foxtrot, waltz, ango, etc., and nothing is more spirited nd heartwarming than the revival of quare and round dancing. The older nembers could profitably teach the young- r some of the old-fashioned dances, and he younger generation could take pride n reciprocating by teaching Mom and Dad some of the modern dances. The ine dance music now recorded makes the honograph serviceable for social dancing n the home where there are older chilren.

THE Family Hour spent away from home can add much interest and diversion to the regular home program. The choices are unlimited. Visits to art exhibits, the library, radio station, newspaper plant, poultry farm, sugar factory, soft drink bottling plant, potato chip factory, observatory, museum, or a picnic in the park take on a new interest when all the family join in. Attendance at a symphony concert, ballet, stage play or recital rate high on our preference list. Every community has places of special interest, if we but utilize them. A short ride on a train, airplane, or a sightseeing tour on a bus could be most enlightening. Use all the facilities at hand. The local universities abound in interesting exhibits in entomology, biology, and archaeology. Encourage your family to take advantage of these opportunities to spend a delightful Family Hour away from home.

For many years the Latter-day Saints Church has advocated the Family Hour or home evening. As early as 1915, President Joseph F. Smith made this wonderful promise to those who follow the practice of getting the family members together for an evening:

> If the Saints obey this counsel, we promise that great blessings will result. Love at home and obedience to parents will increase. Faith will be developed in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat the evil influences and temptations that beset them.

What more wonderful reward could be gained from such a joyful program as the Family Hour!

# The Southwest Indian Mission

*Preston R. Nibley*

Assistant Church Historian

THE Southwest Indian Mission is an outgrowth of the Navajo-Zuni Indian Mission. The Navajo-Zuni Indian Mission was formed in February 1943, with Elder Ralph W. Evans of Shiprock, New Mexico, as the first president. A few missionaries were sent to assist President Evans, and for four years the work of proselyting was carried on in a rather limited manner, with the Evans home in Shiprock serving as the mission headquarters.

In July 1947, President Evans was released and Elder S. Eugene Flake was appointed in his place. At the same time the mission headquarters was moved to Gallup, New Mexico. In December 1948, the name of the mission was changed to the Southwest Indian Mission, and the work was extended to include all of the Indian tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, together with the Duckwater Indians of Nevada and those inhabiting the southern part of San Juan County, Utah.

President Flake was released in March 1951, and Elder Golden R.

Mullarky Photo Studios
Photograph submitted by Lavena L. Rohner

PUEBLO INDIAN WOMAN DECORATING POTTERY

Mullarky Photo Studios
Photograph submitted by Lavena L. Rohner

NAVAJO FAMILY IN FRONT OF HOGAN

Buchanan was appointed to succeed him. President Buchanan served until April 1955, when he was succeeded by Elder Alfred E. Rohner, who presides at the present time.

The work of proselyting among the Indians of the Southwest grew slowly in the beginning. In April 1944, the entire membership of the mission was reported as numbering forty-three, located in two organized branches. On February 20, 1944, the first mission Relief Society was organized at Toadlena, New Mexico, and on February 27th of the same year, the mission record relates that "a Sunday School and a Primary have been organized and the children seem to be very interested in these two auxiliary organizations of the Church."

Today there are 6,091 members of the Church in the Southwest Indian Mission, located in ten branches. On June 30, 1957, there were 105 missionaries in the mission and converts baptized since the first of the year numbered 104. Sixteen Relief Society organizations, with a total of 190 members, were reported in December 1956. Lavena L. Rohner presides over the Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Pueblo at Taos, New Mexico," represents architecture typical of that region. See also "Recipes From the Southwest Indian Mission," by Lavena L. Rohner, page 665.

# Trespassing Trio

*Frances C. Yost*

MARVA Owens peered apprehensively out of her kitchen window. "The children are gone!" She chided, "Why can't they play in their own backyard?"

Marva experienced a chill, thinking of troubles she had had in other neighborhoods, when the little boys had wandered off their premises. She and Garth had put every penny they had on a down payment on this home. She didn't want to start out first thing having troubles with neighbors.

"Less than a week in a new neighborhood, and this has to happen to me," Marva murmured, taking off her apron, and running her hand over her hair to smooth it. As she slammed the door, almost childishly behind her, she muttered: "If mothers could only put growing boys on a leash!"

Outside, Marva hesitated. Where does one look for children in a new neighborhood? Well, she might as well try first neighbors first. The Reynolds lived next door. Garth had called him Judge Reynolds. If the boys were pestering a judge, no telling what might happen.

Should she go to the front door as a caller, or walk uninvited into the garden gate at the rear, and snoop like a bird dog for her children? "If I were making a call, I would dress for the occasion." She bit her lip. "This is an emergency, I'll use the rear entrance."

She hurried, thinking of the supper preparation time she was consuming.

Marva Owens swung open the Reynolds' garden gate, and her heart stopped at the enchantment which lay before her. The yard swept green and trim as a carpet, flanked with evergreens, flower beds, and climbing roses on the high fence. Marva thought of their own barren yard encircling their newly built home.

"Can we ever hope to have a yard like this?" she sighed.

"Of course you can," a masculine voice answered. "It just takes a few callouses on the knees and time to grow." He chuckled softly, then added hospitably, "Come in and I'll show you around."

The man stood up from the flower bed he was weeding and brushed his knees off. He was an old man; time and trouble had etched his face.

"But I don't want to disturb you from your work, I was just wondering. . . ." Marva started to ask if he had seen three little boys, but was stopped short.

"I'm always glad to leave a weed to grow awhile and show someone around. No trouble at all. No trouble at all." Then he added, "I suppose you're Mrs. Owens, the new neighbor next door. I'm glad to make your acquaintance." He extended his hand, then apologetically drew it back laughingly. "I'll take a rain check on the handshake when my hands are more presentable."

Marva eyed the old man. Was he a gardener, or was this *the* Judge Reynolds? His gnarled hands and

iiled clothing had the touch of the rdener, but his speech, his fine anners? Marva wondered, but not r long. It didn't matter whether was a judge or a chimney sweep, e problem at hand now was to d her boys, and get them home.
"I'll show you around the garden, rs. Owens." The man with the e extended his arm hospitably.

MARVA felt a degree of desperation. If the boys were not re she should be looking elsehere. "I'm looking for my three tle boys. They've strayed from e yard, and. . . ."
"No need to worry about those ree," the man with the hoe uckled. "If one boy tumbles into pond of water, the other two will h him out." He laughed heartily d pounded the hoe he was leaning . "Now this," he explained, wavg the hoe over a large expanse of ass flanked by shrubs and sprined lavishly with diamond-shaped wer beds, "is the center field."
To Marva, hungry for landscapg which their new home needed much, this seemed like paradise. er eyes followed the smooth, lush wn which sloped down to the lily nd, and below it to the long terce covered with blooming roses. larva noted several sorts of bridle aths taking off, as if leading to cret nooks and enchanted places.
The man with the hoe, be he rdener or judge, was motioning er to follow him, and with the ther hand, had given a silence sign ver his lips. Marva followed sintly, and looked over the hedge nto another, but smaller garden.
"See," said the man with the hoe, there are your three little urchins, sitting quiet as cherubs. They haven't batted an eyelid for five minutes."
Marva followed the gaze of the children. There, centered in the little garden, was a fountain, and a bluebird, unaware of five bird watchers, was taking a bath.
The man with the hoe motioned for Marva to accompany him to a nearby bench carved from a log, and they sat down together. The hoe was used as an arm rest, or as a pointer, or just flourished for emphasis, as he pointed out places of interest in the garden.
"I told the boys to enjoy the garden, and after the sun starts to sink, we'll watch the evening primroses open. You must stay for that also," the man with the hoe said.

MARVA realized that she had relaxed, knowing now where the boys were. In her mind she replanned the supper. The whole family loved soup. She could cook the roast with potatoes tomorrow evening. And there was the cake she had made and the ice cream in the deep freeze.
The beauty of the place, the cool of the late afternoon, and the entire enchantment seemed to engulf her. She replied, "I would love to see an evening primrose open. I don't recall ever seeing a primrose." Marva felt a tinge of guilt at her ignorance of flowers in general.
"Few people have seen an evening primrose. It's a miracle before your eyes as it opens," the man with the hoe explained.
Just then three boys scampered through the hedge gate, and, passing Marva sitting on the log bench, shouted simultaneously, "Mother!"

"We saw a bird take a bath!" Tommy chirped.

"We've been playing in the bowery!" Charley explained.

"And we haven't hurt a thing!" Marty, the elder, reported. "Oh, hello, Judge Reynolds!" Marty said, as the man with the hoe came up and sat down again by his mother on the log bench.

Well, sighed Marva secretly, at least I know that he is *the* Judge, not a gardener.

"You boys are just in time for the blooming," the Judge stated kindly, looking at his watch and then at the sun sinking behind the western mountains. "Let's go into the primrose garden."

"Yes," cried the three boys, with childish excitement, "let's go into the primrose garden."

"After Judge Reynolds," Marva said.

The boys stepped back to let the two grownups lead the way.

"During the day," Judge Reynolds explained, "the buds of the primrose are rolled tightly. They look sort of like light, orange-colored tissue paper pinched in little screw knobs. But when the sun goes down, the buds start slowly unrolling. Here's the bush!" Judge Reynolds said, stopping before a gray drab plant which stood slightly higher than his knees. "Looks as if we hit it just right!"

THERE was complete silence among the children and the two adults, as they watched the miracle take place before them. The primrose bush, with its tiny, pinched buds, as Judge Reynolds had said, was a rather drab shrub. Then, as they watched, the buds started to unroll slowly. Each bud gave a sort of trembling in an effort to unfold at the proper time, and in its own miraculous way. Everyone sensed a slight pop, and before their eyes each bloom burst forth larger than a silver dollar, like golden showers. The once drab shrub now stood in golden glory.

"I've never seen anything so beautiful!" Marva Owens exclaimed. She bent to look at the beautiful waxy leaves of blossoms which were full of pollen. No sooner had the blossoms opened than moths the size of humming birds started sucking pollen from the flowers. At the sight of the moths, the boys were more excited than ever.

"See, Mother, why we like to come to Judge Reynolds' garden!" the boys explained. "Judge Reynolds likes us to come and enjoy the garden. Don't you, Judge Reynolds?"

"I surely do, boys," the Judge replied, in all sincerity.

Marva looked at him and wondered about this man and his generosity. Then, turning to the boys, she said, "But not too often. We don't want to wear out our welcome, and wear out Judge Reynolds, or his garden." She smiled toward the Judge.

"You boys scamper down and watch the monkey do his tricks," the Judge said. "I think you'll find some peanuts in the cupboard. Each boy can have five to eat himself and five to feed the monkey."

They watched the boys until they were out of sight, then Marva Owens spoke, "I've lived in other neighborhoods and children are, well . . . people put up the no-trespassing sign, and enforce it. But

u, you seem to welcome children! s most unusual, Judge Reynolds."
"It is unusual. I haven't always en this way," Judge Reynolds con- led.
"Years ago, Mrs. Owens, I used yell at the children to stay out. e didn't have any children of our n, and I . . . and we sort of nted to keep the place looking best. But the yard held a fasci- tion for children in the neighbor- od, just as it did for us. They uldn't leave it alone. Every time opened the back door, we would e children jumping over the hedge get away before they were caught. he hedge was always bent down, d broken, because the children re afraid to come through the te.
"The worst little fellow to run all er the place was Joey. Seemed is little tyke was braver than all e others. He would take chances. an see him so vividly. . . ."

* * * *

"THERE'S that little demon of a Joey in the yard again." dge Reynolds picked up the rake was using, and shook it in Joey's rection.
Joey was wearing patches. Maybe ey were the best he had, maybe he as extra hard on clothes. Judge eynolds had never tried to find it. All he had ever felt for Joey as a desire to be rid of him.
"Off the place!" Judge Reynolds outed, swinging the rake high ove his head.
Joey gave a sort of appealing, yet athetic smile, as if trying to be iends. He didn't seem afraid of e swinging rake; it was as if being this paradise of a garden, with growing flowers and shrubs, was worth the battle. In front of the Judge's eyes, with the rake swinging overhead, Joey stopped and picked a red and a white tulip. Then he said, "Judge, you should raise blue ones to go with these."

* * * *

The Judge's voice, a bit shaky with remorse, continued: "Joey didn't come back much after that. Guess he knew he wasn't wanted." Judge Reynolds took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose, then continued. "World War II came along, and before it was over, Joey and most of the other young ones who had romped around the neighborhood were called to serve.
"One day, on the front page of our town newspaper, there was a picture of Joey, and a story telling how he had died on the battlefield. It was a story of fight and bravery. I've never felt quite so little as I did that day. Joey looked at me from the newspaper, with those same appealing, pathetic eyes. He hadn't really done me any harm. Believe me, I felt more than a twinge of guilt. I would have given my very life to have had that little boy in my yard again, a chance to treat him like a human being, and not a scapegoat."
The Judge lowered his eyes for a moment, but when he looked up, it was a smile he was wearing. It somehow reminded Marva of the sun coming out after a shower.
"Well, Mrs. Owens, that's the day I quit pushing children around and started acting like a human being. There's never been a child since Joey who wasn't welcome here.

And you know, since I quit chasing them out, they haven't broken the hedge or worn the grass out in streaks in an effort to get away without being caught. And they know, now, which flowers are to pick and which are for show. I've proved to myself that flowers and children do mix."

THE Judge arose from the log bench and, taking Marva's arm, said, "Come, I want to show you my favorite flower bed."

Judge Reynolds led Marva through the hedge gate into a garden on the east.

As they walked along, the Judge explained, "You remember I told you about Joey picking a red and a white tulip and saying I should raise blue tulips, too. It's taken years to perfect a blue tulip. Burbank and I have worked hard in our greenhouses to grow a true blue one. I keep growing bulbs in the greenhouse all summer so that I can have tulips of the bravest red, the most loyal blue, and the purest white, for this special flower bed. I want you to read the inscription here in front of the flower bed before you look at it."

Judge Reynolds pointed to a plaque flush with the green grass, and Marva read the inscription aloud: "In memory of Joey, who loved flowers, especially tulips, who loved America, and loved to come here."

Marva looked up from the inscription, and her gaze fell on the large rectangle flower bed sloping on the hillside. The red and white tulips stood straight and brave in their ribbon rows, like streamers in the sun. Forty-eight white tulips, like stars in the blue field, stood out, all to form the most glorious American flag Marva had ever seen.

"It's too beautiful for words," she murmured.

The judge nodded agreement, then said, "And that's why boys, all boys, are welcome in my garden. That's why it isn't strange that your little fellows will never be considered a trespassing trio on my premises."

## *Aftermath*

*Gene Romolo*

Although no longer heard is summer's tread,
And each, once lovely briered bush has shed
Its petaled beauty, there still lingers on
A perfumed presence from the roses gone:
Like breath from incense that no longer burns,
Its transient loveliness, gathered into urns,
Exudes a fragrant scent, the winter through,
As subtle as when on the branch it grew.

Naught of beauty is that on its path
Does not leave for us an aftermath.

# Let's Visit a Desert Sea

*Marijane Morris*

CAN you imagine a place to swim where there isn't anything to fear in the way of ides, undercurrents, or sea life, where a swimmer can touch bottom n many places one-fourth mile out, or splash along the shore without worry of hidden holes, and where he only surface disturbance is caused by the wind? It does exist, although visitors coming upon the Salton Sea suddenly in California's Colorado Desert, suspect a mirage.

Resembling a huge footprint with the toes turned slightly westward, it lies 233 feet below sea level, stretches some thirty-five miles between Indio on the north and Brawley on the south. Indirectly man-made, ten to sixteen miles wide, shallow for several hundred yards from the shore, with its greatest depth around forty feet, it is cradled in two of southeastern California's counties, Riverside and the fertile Imperial.

The limits of the sea are beyond your sight. Rising majestically to the northwest are the San Jacinto Mountains, then southwest and south are the Vallecintos and the Santa Rosa Range. These mountains, part of the Peninsular Range, like huge dams shelter the Salton Sea, Coachella and Imperial Valleys from the blistering heat of the desert and the storms off the Pacific. Shangri-la! Other mountains, although not as spectacular in size, ridge the sea and provide color and atmosphere and boost the high percentage of sunshine. Eastward, looking like melted chocolate ice cream, are the Chocolate Mountains. North are the Orocopias, and to the west and south the Superstition Mountain, where hasty travel is not advised. Barren of water, it is rich in tales from the Indian and white alike of men who ventured into its long, low formations in search of gold and never returned. Today, the Superstition still presents, to the hardy ones, a place to search for adventure and interesting minerals.

You could say, and be accurate, that all roads in California's Colorado Desert lead to the Salton Sea. From Yuma, Arizona, it is U. S. 80, from San Diego, highways 80 and 78, and from Palm Springs, State 111. If you are approaching this inland sea from Blythe on U. S. 60-70, then junction at California State highway 195 and travel through Box Canyon. The odd, almost weird, vertical rock formations rising on either side will put you in the mood for your first glimpse of the Salton Sea. This highway leads to Mecca and then branches to 111 on the east and 99 on the west of the sea. Either route, or a loop trip, if you have time, will delight your tourist heart and senses.

Standing on the shores, picnicking in one of several excellent locations on the beaches, swimming, boating, fishing, or loafing give the average visitor little awareness of the birth of this gentle body of

Marijane Morris

THE SALTON SEA

water. There is nothing to suggest the sea's accidental birth amid confusion and desperation.

BRIEFLY, around the last of August 1905, the salt-encrusted depression known as the Salton Sink was becoming the Salton Sea. The overflowing Colorado River, through an irrigation break below Yuma, began moving westward instead of south. The distance from Yuma to the Gulf of California along the general course of the Colorado River is about seventy-five miles. The distance to the Salton Sea is not very much greater, but the difference in elevation between the gulf and the sea is something like 280 feet. You can readily understand the crush of water as it took the steep, easy course down the valley.

Farmers were unable to stem the river even with dynamite. They watched helplessly as their rich farm land became cuts and chasms. One channel widened to 800 feet. Three times the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway was moved. Desperate measures were used to turn the advancing water. In February 1907, the mighty Colorado was controlled and again flowed into the Gulf of California, leaving behind in shimmering sands the beautiful Salton Sea.

It has become a delightful all-year playground. Water from the irrigating ditches of the Imperial Valley, seepage, rainfall, and water supplied from Mexico through the New River and Alamo River assure the sea's future despite its heavy loss from evaporation.

The mountains surrounding the Salton Sea are an amazing treasure trove. There are shells, chalcedony, quartz, calcite, tourmaline, garnet, serpentine, obsidian, mica, petrified oysters, and for those who wouldn't recognize any of these stones were he to stumble on them, there are Indian pottery and other relics. Terraces slightly above the sea level on the sides of the basin indicate that there was formerly present in the region a lake, called Lake Cahuilla which was more than 120

miles long and thirty miles wide. It's a happy hunting ground for collectors, especially along the old shore lines where it is known Indians once lived.

FOR the bird watchers some 200 varieties in the Salton Sea area have been recorded. It isn't unusual from September on to see killdeer, sandpipers, egrets, willets, grebes, snipe, teal, pelicans, and seagulls.

What you can do and see here is limitless. It is a region of enchantment, wonderment, color, and history. There are Fig Tree John Springs and Agua Dulce on the southwest rim of the Salton Basin. It doesn't take long to discover Fig Tree John was a desert character. He was proud of the fact that he had been made "captain" of the Agua Dulce tribe.

At Coral Reef, even an amateur hunter, if he is sincere, can find pottery and small shells, and at the Obsidian Buttes, there are floating rocks (ancient lava foam) and black glasslike stones.

As the saguaro is to Arizona, the magnolia to Mississippi, the orchid to Hawaii, the Washingtonia Palm is at home in the Salton Basin. Some will be sixty to seventy feet high. Often they will be clustered around water seeps in little canyons, however, the water may not be sweet, as the palms are tolerant of alkali. They produce a fruit, small, black, and edible.

Fluctuating, evenly, gently in the Colorado Desert, the Salton Sea is a charming place to visit and a restful place to stay. According to Helen Burns, who wrote the delightful *Salton Sea Story*, the visitor will be pleased, and satisfied. He will return to the sea's enchantment and with each visit to the place, a stronger attachment will be formed.

## *Now the Glory and the Wane*

*Dorothy J. Roberts*

Now is the maternal brown world of weeds
Patient along the margin of the stream;
Crowding under cover of the sheds;
Putting to creation's use, the unplowed rim

Of the field, green life, to frost and young seed given,
Rust and umber, the fading mothers lean
Upon the breeze, stiffened into haven,
Until each cherished infant pentagon

Of wonder, oval son or silken daughter,
Each minute progeny on gossamer wing,
Has left, on wind or wool, to find a future,
Or feed some flame-tipped blackbird and his song.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A WORKER FOR TEMPERANCE: Miss Belle Kearney, a celebrated teacher and lecturer and a great favorite with the public wherever she has spoken both in America and across the ocean, recently visited Salt Lake City and spoke in the Tabernacle . . . and here as elsewhere she was received with great favor. Miss Kearney is traveling under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. . . . She is a young Southerner from Mississippi with a pleasing Southern accent and an easy, graceful manner.

—News Note

WOMAN DOCTOR: Dr. Margaret C. Roberts will commence her next class in Obstetrics and Nursing on Monday, October 11, 1897. Reduction in tuition to ladies from any branch of the Relief Society. . . . 437 East, Second So. Salt Lake City.

—Advertisement

UTAH PIONEERS

In Memory of the Jubilee

. . . The all-ruling Ancient of Days,
Who, guiding above, gave the pioneers rest,
Whose banner is love, will bless and hath blest—
Still sing to Him anthems of praise!
God wrought wondrous things for them and for thee—
Tell the proud story o'er mountain and sea,
How the jubilant throng moved to music along.
With triumphant song. —Hallelujah! Jubilee!

—Orielle Curtis

WOMEN OF AMERICA: The time has come when idle women . . . shall be looked upon with scorn. She must henceforth be a self-sustaining helpmate to her husband, and his elevated, worthy, respectable companion. Let us pledge ourselves as mothers, sisters and wives in this most promising nation of the world that we will unite in the cause of progress and liberty, that we may not only emulate the examples of our foremothers but that we may do our little to immortalize the closing years of this great century as the golden age of womanhood.

—Emily Ray

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE AT CANESVILLE: President Jane S. Coleman said it afforded her much pleasure to meet with the brethren and sisters. . . . She had lately visited the local branches of the Relief Society in the western part of the Stake, all were feeling and doing well and were energetic in their labors. Encouraged the sisters to attend their meetings . . . and advised the young sisters to attend also, that a bond of friendship and good feeling should exist . . . good advice can be given, virtue taught and much good accomplished. Spoke of looking after the poor and the necessity of the members to give temporal aid. . . . Wished the sisters to be more interested in the *Exponent* by subscribing to it. Sister Eliza Ruse, president of the Canesville Relief Society, gave a good report. Said all the young sisters had joined and were members of Relief Society. . . .

—Anna Coleman, Sec.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

MARGARET WEBSTER, daughter of Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster, famous English actors, has had extraordinary success in America directing Shakespeare's plays. She popularized the dramatist among the young with her productions in which young students participated. In 1942 McGraw-Hill published her book *Shakespeare Without Tears*.

CYNTHIA BOWLES, daughter of a former United States ambassador, has written a warm, understanding book, *At Home in India* (Harcourt-Brace & Co.).

KATHERINE BROWNELL OETTINGER is the new chief of the Children's Bureau, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. She was formerly Dean of the School of Social Work, Boston University.

GERTRUDE HORTON, an eighteen-year-old Salt Lake City girl, last May won second place in a Nation-wide homemaking contest — the Betty Crocker Search for the American Homemaker of the Year. Priscilla Jones, Blakely, Georgia, won first place, receiving a $5,000 scholarship. Miss Horton won a $4,000 scholarship, with an extensive trip.

CHARLOTTE SHEFFIELD, of Salt Lake City, won the Miss United States of America title in the 1957 Miss Universe contest. An active Latter-day Saint, Miss Sheffield was a Junior Sunday School chorister at the time of her victory and has participated in many plays and musical productions in the Church and at the University of Utah. A graduate of the University last June, she majored in secondary education. She has run the hazardous Green and Colorado rivers.

ALMOST twice as many children were born in 1956 as in 1936 in the United States. This fact places new emphasis on the effort to make schoolteaching an attractive profession for women.

MISS FRANCES WILLIS is the new American Ambassador to Norway. She was formerly Ambassador to Switzerland.

MRS. ANN WHEATON, who has recently been appointed Assistant Press Secretary at the White House, is the first woman to hold this position.

# EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 OCTOBER 1957 NO. 10

## *Eternal Bonuses*

MARY had made her choice and she was giving her allegiance to Relief Society. Ever since she had decided not to join the club to which she had been invited, but to attend Relief Society, instead, certain words kept running through her head, "In this society (Relief Society) are intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization." Mary knew that the sentence, written by the First Presidency in 1942, had influenced her in her decision to join Relief Society.

This beautiful late September morning while the baby slept and the other children were in school Mary wondered what intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values were awaiting her in the months ahead. She hunted for her *Relief Society Magazine* — she knew the lessons were printed in the back, for Sister Heath had pointed them out to her when she subscribed. The latest issue Mary found contained lessons to be studied in December, so she hunted until she found the June issue which told of the plans of the lessons for the whole season's work.

*The Relief Society Magazine* opened to the literature heading. She would be studying *Shakespeare*. For a minute Mary felt scared. Goodness, she hardly knew anything about him. He would be hard to understand. Then the words of the title began to have meaning to her "Shakespeare in Our Lives." As she scanned the titles of individual lessons and their objectives, Mary felt that she would get intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values, all three just from the literature course in Relief Society. But in addition there were three, no, four other outlines. One seemed to be about real values for which money should be spent. That held great interest for Mary who was trying so hard to stretch their income to cover essential needs. Mary became so interested that she read the first three subjects of the course before she turned back to see what else would be studied.

Her heart rejoiced as she realized that she would be joining Relief Society just as they began a study of The Doctrine and Covenants. How many years would they study it? Mary turned back to see. It just said "several years." She did hope the study would be detailed enough so she would really know the contents of The Doctrine and Covenants when she finished. The first year's study covered only a few sections, and as Mary hunted her Doctrine and Covenants and saw that it really covered only a few pages, she gave a sigh of relief. She ought to be able to learn those sections this first year. The visiting teachers were going to speak about some great truths from The Doctrine and Covenants when they called, and Mary saw that visiting teachers were urged to memorize these verses. If she memorized them herself—then she would be learning scriptures. She remembered reading that Relief

ciety mothers were supposed to are what they learned with their nilies. She would do that, and n would help her, she knew. ney could use a lot of what she arned in Relief Society in their mily Hour.

Finally, Mary turned to the plan the forthcoming social science sons—"Latter-day Saint Family fe." The words, "intellectual, ltural, and spiritual values" repeat- themselves over and over in ary's mind. The Latter-day Saint mily was fundamental to the gos- l plan!

What if she had accepted the in- tation to the literary club and con- ied her learning just to the one bject? Mary was grateful for the ample of her mother who had ithfully served in Relief Society. ll the unselfish service she had given — sewing for the needy, nursing the sick, calling at homes—all that part, Mary realized, was in addition to the lesson work and was a part of the "intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization." There were eternal bonuses in service, Mary decided, for while she would be helping others, her own soul would become enlarged and that would result in blessings to her own family!

Joy flooded Mary's heart as she contemplated the Relief Society activities which lay ahead. She had not "paid too much for her whistle," as the Benjamin Franklin story had taught her as a young child, and as the result of her choosing Relief Society, she would be earning eternal bonuses all along the way!

—M. C. S.

## *In Memoriam—Priscilla Livingston Evans*

October 18, 1881 - August 12, 1957

PRISCILLA Livingston Evans, a former member of the general board of Relief Society, died August 12, 1957, in Salt Lake City. A woman of utstanding spiritual and intellectual gifts, her life was filled with service nd devotion to her community and to the Church. Sister Evans was ne of the first women attorneys to be admitted to the Utah State Bar ssociation.

Elder Evans was appointed President of the Eastern States Mission in 937, and Sister Evans served with devotion as "Mission Mother" and resident of the women's auxiliaries, until they were released in 1941. She vas a true homemaker and a hospitable hostess.

She was appointed to the general board of Relief Society, June 18, 941, and served until 1948. Her contributions to the work of the board vere of great value, and her speaking ability was much appreciated throughut the Church.

Her former associates of the general board of Relief Society and the isters throughout the stakes and missions of the Church will long remember Priscilla Evans as a richly gifted woman who shared her blessings and nspired many in the love of the gospel.

# Purchasing Soul Growth

NOTHING worth having is free—free from struggle, striving, serving, sacrifice, yet, we are prone to look at our neighbor and think that he lives an easy life. We look at a marriage and decide husband and wife never have had any troubles, their married life has been one long honeymoon. We look at a young mother with many small children who manages well, and may decide that keeping house and tending children come naturally to her, that it is easy for her to be efficient.

It is true that each person is given different talents which come rather naturally, but an all-wise Father, while expecting us to improve our talents and devote them to his work, still refines each of his children by having us undergo and overcome situations which will test us individually. Nothing is free that is of worth.

Susan enjoyed convivial company and liked to entertain and see new places; her sister Rebecca was very contented to remain in her home, do her housework and find her pleasure in the home and ward. As the years passed, Susan, who enjoyed change and free time, became limited in her activities, and her family situation required her to give up much of her free time. Rebecca, on the other hand, had become interested in work which frequently took her far from her closest interests. Susan would enjoy the opportunities of Rebecca, and Rebecca would be content to remain near home. Each looking at the other might feel the other's work to be easy and desirable, but to each sister came that training and those experiences which were hard for her to accept. The soul growth of both was earned with great effort and in spite of many frustrations, for soul growth is not free.

We are told that mother love is nearest to God's love. Perhaps that is because mother love costs the most in devotion, ceaseless care, anxieties, heartaches, sacrifices, and selflessness. But, after it has been fully paid for, deep joys and satisfactions are eternal profits.

NOTHING WORTH HAVING IS FREE. BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF!

# Recipes From the Southwest Indian Mission

*Submitted by Lavena L. Rohner*

## Zuni Bread

*Zuni Sour Dough Yeast:*

tbsp. salt
c. flour
pt. water
1 pkg. dry yeast or one cake compressed yeast
1 c. warm water to dissolve yeast

Other Ingredients for Bread:

lb. lard or other cooking fat
lbs. enriched flour
4 qts. water

Mix the ingredients for the sour dough yeast together and let stand overnight. ix and knead until firm the flour, fat, and water. Let rise until double in bulk. ead down, then set aside to rise again until double in bulk. Knead and mold into t loaves. Let rise to double again and bake in hot clay oven for one hour or place stove oven preheated to 350° F. and bake fifteen minutes, then reduce the heat to 0° F. and bake thirty-five minutes longer, or until golden brown.

## Navajo Kneel-Down Bread

c. green corn
pinch of salt
sweeten to taste

Stone grind the green corn, fresh cut from cob, to make a paste. Add the salt d sugar. If corn paste is runny, add enough corn meal to make a very soft dough. ace one scant cup of mixture in corn husk and wrap husk around corn dough, turning ds over towards center of roll. Repeat this procedure until well wrapped then tie th husk strings made by tearing the husks of corn into strips. Bake in a pit which s been made very hot with fire. Line pit with green corn husks and heap hot als, removed from pit, on top of bread and bake for one hour, or bake in hot outor stone oven until husks are lightly browned, or place in pan lined with husks vered over well with husks, and bake in moderate oven until husks are lightly owned.

## Hopi Peki

c. blue corn meal
moist, watery sage ashes*
dash of salt
boiling water

Add enough sage ashes to the corn meal to make the mixture a light greenish lor. Add the salt and enough boiling water to make a thin batter, similar to hot cake tter. Spread the batter thinly over a hot peki stone which has been oiled by leaving round watermelon seeds on the stone all night. An iron skillet may be substituted r the peki stone in baking the Hopi Peki, and vegetable oil or animal fat may be sed instead of the watermelon seeds.

*To make sage ashes, pick the green sage leaves, let them stand for two days, and en burn them. Sift the cooled ashes and add enough water to hold the ashes in lution. Strain the liquid into the batter. If some color, other than green, is desired, commercial food coloring may be substituted for the sage ashes.

### Hopi Blue Marble

2 c. blue corn meal
1 c. boiling water
1 c. ashes (sage)
½ c. sugar or 1 c. sugar for sweet Blue Marble

Put one-half of the corn meal flour in bowl, pour boiling water into it, stir, and add ashes, which have been made into a watery paste, and sugar; stir and let cool. When cool, add remaining one-half of the corn meal by kneading slowly. Roll dough like a snake, then break into small marbles. Drop into hot water and cook until water reaches consistency of thin gravy, or use as you would dumplings. Blue Marble may be served with fresh or canned fruits.

### Fresh Field Corn Bread (Hopi)

Cut fresh field corn off the cob and grind through food grinder, using fine knife. Add salt to taste. Put 2 or 3 tbsp. of the ground corn on a husk and fold, place in a baking dish a layer of corn rolls and a layer of husks. Bake until done. Serve while hot with any stew dinner or roasts. If the corn is very tender, thicken slightly with flour to make it easy to handle.

### Sapaipillas (Haulapi)

2 c. flour
½ c. water
pinch of salt

Mix flour, salt, and water. Knead with hands until dough is almost the consistency of light bread dough, form into balls, then roll out smooth. Drop into very hot, deep fat. The dough will puff as it cooks. Cook until golden brown. These are delicious served with sweet syrup or honey.

### Sweet Sapaipillas (Haulapi)

2 c. flour
½ c. milk
¼ c. sugar
pinch of salt
¼ tsp. cinnamon
⅛ tsp. cloves
2 eggs, beaten
2 tbsp. shortening

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Knead as in regular Sapaipillas. It may take a half hour or more, depending on how fast you can knead. Form into balls, roll flat, and drop into deep, hot fat. Sprinkle or roll in powdered sugar when cooked.

### Indian Mutton Stew

4 or 5 carrots
2 large green peppers
3 or 4 potatoes
1 large onion (optional)
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 small leg of mutton

Put all ingredients into large kettle, bring to boil, lower heat, and cook slowly until meat is tender.

### Navajo Hot Sauce

3 large onions
10 small hot yellow peppers
2 cans water
2 tbsp. margarine or butter
4 cans tomato sauce or 2 cans tomato paste

Slice onions and cut peppers into small pieces. Fry all together in margarine or butter. Add tomato sauce or paste and two cans water.

### Indian Fried Bread

2 c. flour
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. shortening
¾ c. warm water

Sift together the dry ingredients. Mix with shortening and water. Knead, and add more flour if necessary, let stand one-half hour, roll out to about one-half inch thick, cut into three-inch squares. Fry in deep fat or ordinary fry pan. This tortilla-like bread is good with chile beans and is delicious served with hot jelly.

### Navajo Tortillas

5 c. flour
3 tsp. baking powder
2 c. warm water
1½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. margarine or other cooking fat

Mix into stiff dough. Cut into two-inch squares and roll very thin. Stretch, throwing from hand to hand, until paper thin. Cook on slightly oiled fry pan, stove top, or grill.

### Hopi Blue Corn Babies

1 qt. boiling water
blue corn meal to make thick mush in water
1 c. blue corn meal
1 tsp. baking powder
½ c. sugar
pinch of salt

Grind blue Indian corn on stone grinder or modern food grinder into fine meal. To one qt. boiling water add enough of the blue corn meal to make a thick mush. Then add to another cup of blue corn meal the baking powder, pinch of salt, and the sugar. Then add to this mixture the mush with enough more meal to make a soft dough. Have husks ready and wrap the dough turning ends over towards the center of roll making sure each is well wrapped. Use one-fourth cup of dough for each roll. Tie with husk strings which are torn into strips from the husks of corn, and drop one by one into a kettle of boiling water. Do not add them too fast, as it is important that the water be kept boiling. Boil ten minutes and remove from kettle. Then drain and serve.

## *Mountain Country*

*Leslie Savage Clark*

The heart has need of silences
And a setting sun to trace
This majesty of range on range
Against the heaven's space.

The heart has need of timeless things
As its flying years are spent—
For the peace of midnight sky, for stars,
And wonderment.

# *Compiling a Census of Post-Polio Patients*

THE National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis reports that it is launching a massive program aimed at helping thousands of persons disabled by polio to achieve greater degrees of self-sufficiency.

"Step one in the dynamic new phase of the war on polio is the compilation of a roster of post-polios across the nation by some 3,100 National Foundation chapters," according to Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation. . . .

"In the light of new knowledge in the treatment of polio and modern rehabilitation techniques, a great many polio victims now may benefit from additional treatment and training, much of it recently developed at respiratory and rehabilitation centers. We want to find out who these people are and what can we done for them over a period of time."

The general board of Relief Society is co-operating in this worthwhile endeavor and calls to the attention of its readers the following questionnaire, a copy of which should be filled out for post-polio patients whom the reader knows, and mailed to the county chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in which the patient lives.

POLIO PATIENT REPORT
National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis
..... .....COUNTY CHAPTER

1. Patient's Name ..... (LAST) (FIRST) (MIDDLE)
2. Home Address ..... (No. and Street) (City or Town) (State)
3. Date of Birth ..... (Mo.) (Day) Yr.) 4. Date of Onset ..... (Mo.) (Day) Yr.)
5. Can patient climb stairs? ( )Yes ( )No 6. Dress self? ( )Yes ( )No
7. Is patient gainfully employed:
   at home ( )Yes ( )No; outside home ( )Yes ( )No
8. Does patient attend school? ( )Yes ( )No
9. Is patient now receiving regular treatment for polio? ( )Yes ( )No
10. If "yes," where (check below)?
    ( ) Hospital in-patient service ..... Hospital City
    ( ) Out-patient clinic ..... Agency City
    ( ) Physician's office ..... Name City
    ( ) At home ..... (Address if different from above) Check if attendant is used ( )
11. Date physician last saw patient ..... (Mo.) (Yr.)
12. Is patient using respiratory aids
    (iron lung, chest respirator, rocking bed)? ( ) Yes ( ) No. (Indicate which)
13. Is patient receiving outside financial assistance for polio treatment? (Other than family)? ( ) Yes ..... (Indicate source) ( ) No
14. State briefly any special problems patient now has as result of polio (problems of travel, finance, medical care, job, etc.): .....

.....

DATE ..... .....PERSON COMPLETING FORM .....
(Mo.) (Day) Yr.) (Signature) Relationship to Patient

NFIP Form #661

USE REVERSE SIDE FOR ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

# Miss Pennywell Goes Into Action

*Frances P. Reid*

MISS Penneywell put down the piece of toast that she was spreading with marmalade. omething was wrong. She pushed he bacon and eggs around on her late and then peered out the win-ow of the breakfast nook. Across he tidy green fields where bluebells nd buttercups bloomed, across the rborvitae hedge and the cobble-tone stile where the wild roses limbed, her eyes journeyed to the arrow track that wound in, around, nd through the fields on its me-ndering way from Middleton to Central City.

Peremptorily she rang for Titus, er combination chauffeur and gar-ener. "Titus," she rapped her and sharply on the table, "Titus, what has happened to the Bluebell nd Buttercup? It's late. Never in ny fifty years has the Bluebell and Buttercup been late before. I don't ike it, and I won't have it."

"Well, you see, Ma'am. . . ."

"Speak up, man. Don't mouth our words." Miss Pennywell had ittle time or patience with indecis-ion.

Titus cleared his throat and di-ected his words toward a point ome two inches from the toe of his turdy boot, "Ma'am, the Bluebell nd Buttercup won't run any more. They've ordered. . . ."

"They? Who *is* they? Say what ou mean, Titus."

"The company, Ma'am, decided o do away with the B. and B., be-ause . . . well, because there weren't enough people riding the train, nd. . . ."

"Upstarts! New-fangled non-sense! Of course, we need the B. and B. I need it!"

"But, Ma'am, the station wag-on. . . ." Titus looked toward the two-car garage where the 1947 sta-tion wagon and the 1953 black sedan were parked. "Ma'am, if you are wishing to go to Central City, I'll bring the car around." Titus moved toward the door, anxious to be away from his mistress' displeasure.

"No, Titus," Miss Pennywell stayed him, "not just yet. But stand by."

She walked regally from the room and into her neat study, where the rows of dark-covered books with the heavy gold lettering were as im-peccably arranged as her prim top-knot of graying hair. Putting on her bifocals, Miss Pennywell rolled the stacking ladder to the shelves and climbed up. She ran her fingers carefully along the mellow bindings and pulled down an imposing, legal-appearing volume.

As she read, she sat straighter and straighter. Her mouth settled into a thin, fine line, and her foot tapped steadily. "Hmm-mm-mm. Uh-hm-mm-mm."

She shut the book smartly, climbed back up, and replaced the volume. Then she marched straight-way to her bedroom, put on her best black dress and hat, and rang for Titus.

Titus, bring the car around. I'm going to Central City—now!"

"Yes, Ma'am." old Titus wiped his fingers on his coveralls to rid them of the dirt from weeding the petunias and hydrangeas.

"And, Titus, you put on your chauffeur's livery. We're going to be busy today. Yes, indeed, we are going to be very busy."

There was a glint in Miss Pennywell's eyes that meant she had something hatching. Titus knew that look: it was just the way she looked when she had decided to have the old carriage house wired for electricity and had pulled out all the old harness rigs that lined the walls. Something was really going to happen today. He couldn't help feeling just a little excited. Life had been so quiet and easy lately.

ALL the way into the city Miss Pennywell sat erect in the back seat. Peeking at her through the rear-view mirror, Titus could see that she kept drawing herself up straighter and straighter, the nearer they came to town. Every now and then she'd say, "Uh-hm-mm-mm. Uh-hum!"

On the outskirts of the city Miss Pennywell tapped Titus on the shoulder and announced, "You'll drive straight to the offices of the Great Western Trunk Lines."

Miss Pennywell didn't have much use for these new self-operating elevators, but she was in too much of a hurry to take the stairs, so, with a few backward looks, she swept into the little square and pushed the button for floor thirteen. As the car moved up, she caught her breath a little, and then settled back. People rode in these every day—she could, too.

When the door slid quietly ajar, she stepped out quickly—maybe more quickly than necessary. Miss Pennywell had read once about someone's being caught in one of those doors and she certainly didn't have any time to bother with getting herself out of a stuck elevator.

When the efficient receptionist in the smart anteroom asked her name, Miss Pennywell snapped, "Miss Constance Pennywell of Middleton. Though why that matters, I don't know."

"And your business, Ma'am?"

"Young woman," Miss Pennywell's brows rose higher, "I'll tell that to Mr. Hargrove."

The plump, red-faced man at the huge mahogany desk looked as if he had had a poor breakfast and an even poorer lunch. In a word, he was out of sorts. He noisily grated his chair against the desk and rapped hard with his knuckles on a paperweight made of petrified wood.

"Now, Miss Pennywell, I'm pretty busy today, so if you'll just state your business quickly, and I can get on to. . . ."

Miss Pennywell stopped him short. "What I have to say won't take long, but it will take some doing, busy or not as you may be. I'm here to know why you so unlawfully, unkindly, unfairly, and unpatriotically discontinued the Bluebell and Buttercup?"

"The Bluebell and Buttercup? I don't seem to place that name just now. You may have the wrong office. I'll ring for someone to show you. . . ."

"No, you won't, I will be heard. The Bluebell and Buttercup is one of your trains, as you very well do know, and for all the years of my life it has run regularly on the line from Middleton to Central City. Today, it didn't run. I want it re-established and permanently, Mr. Hargrove. At once!"

"OH, you mean that little jerk-water train that wanders through a bunch of little villages. Why, we can't afford to run a train for just two or three people. We've got to make a living. We've got to show a profit. We've got to be progressive." Mr. Hargrove's already ample chest swelled and strained at the restraining buttons.

"Have you quite finished?" Miss Pennywell asked. Then she took from her large black carryall a leather volume with gold printed letters on the outside. "Section four, paragraph seven, line twenty-two, 'The aforesaid company shall be required by act of law to run a daily schedule on the branch line known as the North Spur—in other words, the Bluebell and Buttercup.' Hah! Now, what do you say to that, Mr. Hargrove?"

Mr. Hargrove spluttered; he turned beet-red in the face; he cleared his throat fearsomely; then he just sank a little lower in his big overstuffed chair. "Why, I'm sure there must be. . . . Well, I never. Come in here and tell me how to run my railroad. I'll not have it. . . . I'll . . . I'll. . . ."

"Mr. Hargrove, you'll just obey the law like everyone else has to do. I want the Bluebell and Buttercup running tomorrow, and I'm going to be on it."

With that, Miss Pennywell swept out. This time she forgot all about the stairway and, without even thinking of falling elevators, she pushed the ground floor button.

The parking meter still showed half of the hour limit as she marched away from the modernistic facade. "Titus," Miss Pennywell announced, "we're going calling on everyone who ever has and does ride the B. and B."

"Well, let's see, there is Mrs. Griggs, the cabbage woman; Mr. Dunker, the butcher; the Grimes children; the Piggots; then there are all the farmers around Lewes, and the housewives in most of the towns in between who ride the train when they go to the city for shopping trips."

"Fine, fine. Just drive to each one, Titus. We've a message for them. Won't take me long to say it, but I'm sure they'll want to hear what I have to say."

WHEN Mrs. Griggs stuck her head up from the rows of cabbage she was thinning and lifted the big head of leafy vegetable to her apron, Miss Pennywell unbent a little, "Nice vegetables, Mrs. Griggs. You'll want to market them, I suppose?"

"Yes, Ma'am, but I don't know as I can, now with the B. and B. stopped."

"Yes, you can, Mrs. Griggs. You be at the station tomorrow. Mind what I say! Eight o'clock sharp."

Mrs. Griggs was still standing there with her mouth open, when Miss Pennywell pulled her head back into the car and ordered Titus to drive on.

At the butcher shop she was even more direct. "Mr. Dunker, you need to do any business in town?

"Well, now, as a matter of fact, I do, but with the B. and B. not running, I'll just have to write a letter, I suppose."

"Oh, now, Mr. Dunker. You just march yourself down to that station tomorrow. Eight sharp!"

And so it went, until Titus began

to feel as if he had callouses on his hands from opening the car door and rapping on house doors. Miss Pennywell sure was acting strange; she must be getting a little too old to be running around.

At a few minutes before eight o'clock the next morning Miss Pennywell closed her front door, stood for a minute on the top step, and then tilted her head. Far off came a faint whistle, and then louder, louder. And a clacking noise that ran faster and faster. Through the meadows and farms on either side of the tracks the little, half-century-old, coal-burning engine and the two wooden coaches puffed into sight. From every window heads protruded and most of the passengers were laughing and calling to one another.

As the train stopped at the crossing for Miss Pennywell, old Mr. Lancers, the conductor, wagged his head and grinned broadly. "I just don't understand it, Miss Pennywell, Ma'am. Used to be the passengers just sat, never speaking to each other; just frowning or reading their *Morning Express.*"

Miss Pennywell mounted the steps and swept into the car. Over her shoulders she called to Conductor Lancers, "We oughtn't to look at the B. and B. as a small line. It's the principle of the thing. We've got a train and we're going to keep it. Mr. Lancers, if we want something, we have to show how we feel."

Seating herself with the nearest approach to a flourish, Miss Pennywell folded her hands in the snow-white gloves and, with the bare suggestion of nod, she ordered, "You can start the train now, Mr. Lancers. We're ready."

## Then Comes Sleep

*Olive W. Burt*

Only parents can know,
Lying sleepless and calculating,
The dreadful sounds of disaster
Night saves to bedevil the waiting:

The crescendo of rushing cars,
A distant siren's wail,
The laughter of speeding youngsters
Spattering out like hail.
The crunch of skidding tires,
A blowout's shot-like bark,
Grinding gears and the heart-stopping
Scream of brakes through the dark.

And only they know the sweetness
Of familiar steps on the walk,
Of light, young feet on the porch
And the click of a key in the lock.

## *Louise McMurtrey Pieces Quilts and Finds Joy in Giving*

NOT only does Louise McMurtrey, seventy-eight, of Ririe, Idaho, piece quilts as a hobby, but she tries to follow her motto: "Life is to give."

In 1955, she pieced and gave away twenty quilt tops. She always gives generously of her time at work meetings, and a quilt has been a regular donation at the ward bazaars, along with a case of jam or jelly as an additional gift for the dinner table. She has sent five finished quilts to the Primary Children's Hospital for crippled children, and many babies have received one of her beautiful two-color rayon taffeta crib quilts, of which she has made nearly one hundred.

She lives alone and keeps her own house. Her seven children, twenty-seven grandchildren, and fifty-four great-grandchildren love her, write poetry to commemorate her birthday anniversaries, and honor her. She loves flowers and has a beautiful rose garden.

## *Nocturne*

*Pansye H. Powell*

The brook
At set of sun
Plays a quiet nocturne
For aspens that nod their heads and fall
Asleep.

# Pine Nutting

*Alice R. Rich*

THE little cellophane packages of pine nuts on display in the grocery store today did more than advertise a product for sale, they opened the floodgates of nostalgic and tender memories for me. Like a talisman, these little brown-shelled goodies spread a magic carpet that carried me back, back through the long years to the crisp October days and pine nut gathering in New Harmony.

In our upland valley at 5,000 feet elevation, we were protected by high mountains that held the winter snows to feed the springs and streams for irrigation in the thirsty valleys. Here we knew security and love that today might seem most primitive.

October, with its gold and crimson tints splashed generously over the foliage on valley and hillside, stood out as a beauty pivot of the year. It was the busy harvest season, the gathering and storing of garden, field, and orchard yields, the wise and careful preparation for the cold and snowy months ahead. Every member of our large family worked and helped, old and young alike. The potatoes were gathered and stored in a long, covered pit near the corner rock wall; the squash were in the barn ready to be covered; garden vegetables were safely stored in pits and trenches. Apples —pearmains, winesaps, Spitzenburgs, and limber twigs — had all been gathered from the tall, shaggy trees. Some had been covered in pits, and some were stored in bins and shelves in the cellar under the south part of the big brick farmhouse.

In the stackyard were the shocks of corn, ready to be husked; the corn would be fed to the fattening hogs, and the fodder would be carried to the shed for the calves. The barn was full to overflowing with hay, the Conestoga wagon was backed into the shed. The bins in both the new and old granaries were brimfull of golden wheat to be hauled to the mill for grist through the year.

Now, it was time for our one-day vacation—pine nutting. We younger children looked forward to this with delight. There was no need to call us to get up a second time on the morning of our trip. With lunch basket and demijohn of water and buckets for gathering the cones, we were ready for our adventure. The double bed wagonbox, with its two high spring seats and an assorted group of youngsters, held fully as much happiness as any modern conveyance taking a group to the circus.

Behind the sturdy rock wall, after we crossed the big ditch, we disturbed a flock of chickadees noisily fluttering and feeding among the dried sunflowers and milkweed plants. At the upper gate, we climbed over the wagonbox and high wheels to open and close the swinging gate, then back again to our places, with our eyes open to

ee new and interesting sights and xperiences.

Around the corner, as we crossed Comanche Creek, we watched a umber of striped chipmunks scurying around for food to store for heir winter hibernation. On the rown cedar posts at the west oundary of the upper section, we aw a noisy bevy of blackbirds sunning themselves after they had reakfasted in the nearby wheat tubble. On we traveled past the orth springs to the mountain road leep rutted and steep, but kept in sable condition by townspeople who hauled their winter wood from he nearby hills and mountainsides. Occasionally, a lizard or a garter nake slithered from the roadside to he shelter of a sagebrush or a heltering rock.

AT long last we left the town and farms far to the east, and the horses came to a stop under a pine ree hanging heavy with cones. These cones were about the size of n apple and were made up of segments tightly encircling a woody core. Deep down in each segment nestled a little oval-shaped nut, even more cozy than the downy pussies n their willow catkins. These cones were hard to handle, they had a sticky, oozy coating that stuck to our hands like glue.

The sun was high overhead; it was noon, so we spread our lunch on the ground in the shade of the wagon. Afterward, came the knocking with heavy sticks of these green treasure-laden, heavy cones. Unlucky was the one who failed to dodge them and felt their weight on his head or bare feet. We all worked with a will. Not until the double-bed wagonbox was almost filled to the top were we ready to quit. Our hands were sticky and black. We were tired from our long hours of picking, climbing and lifting, but the fun of it overshadowed our fatigue. We finished the last crust from our noon lunch. Our horses, Abe and Frank, refreshed by their rest and a nosesack of oats, were harnessed, and we began our journey home.

At the first turn in the road, we saw the eastern vermillion cliffs across the valley with the evening sun casting shadows of deep and lovely hues of purple, rose, and bronze over their craggy peaks.

When we arrived home, mother had a heavy bed of live coals from a long-burning wood fire in the back yard pit. Into this we dumped our load of sticky green cones, covered it with turf, and built another fire on top to last part of the night.

Next day our treasure-trove was opened, and the browned and toasted cones were lifted out. Some of them were already bursting open and others were ready to open with a touch.

Each little brown pine nut, at first just a morsel of milk tucked in its individual cradle, had been nourished by the parent cone all through the summer. By October they were developed and ripe, ready to pop out of their shelter, ready for the toasting, which we gave them. For true delicacy of flavor, these delectable bits of goodness, so rich and sweet, are sure to please the discriminating gourmet.

# Bleak House

*Florence B. Dunford*

"I'M all right, everything's fine," Rose Bennett said.

"You're sure?" That was Walt, wanting the impossible, wanting to be assured of the impossible.

Rose's gray eyes met his. *Everything's wrong, it's terrible, you know it's terrible!* She could not help the silent accusation. Still, it was not all Walt's fault. Perhaps he had done the best he could with the small amount of money, the time he had.

*But couldn't you,* her heart cried out, *have found a better house than this? Something at least respectable? Something that wouldn't degrade the children, stamp them all, before they had a chance to prove themselves?*

Walt was looking at her anxiously. "You've been doing too much. I should have stayed home this week and helped you get settled. Why don't you make the kids help you?"

Rose shook her dark head. "I'm not tired. Jimmy and Cathy have worked their heads off, too." She smiled a little at the slang. It was like a man, she told herself, not to get at the real reason. And Walt especially. Because he'd done the best he could in finding a house, he felt it must be good enough. Besides he was gone all day at the vast dry farm up in the hills where he had his new job as foreman.

And Walt and she, well, they were different. Looks, appearance, had always meant a good deal to her.

If there weren't meat or something nice to fix in the house for company, Rose just said they couldn't have company. If Walt, in his rather carefree manner, asked them to dinner anyway, Rose suffered. They were just different, that was all, made so by their early environment, the way they were reared. Or, maybe, just because one was a man and the other a woman.

Yet, it was not of herself Rose had been thinking this past week. Today was the first day of school. Jinny, who was seventeen, with her auburn hair and pale complexion and green eyes, should make friends. But children, like grownups, were critical. Once they discovered, and in this small college town everyone would know it already, that the new girls lived in that terrible, ugly, bleak old house by the railroad tracks, Cathy, who was fifteen, even the two small boys, would suffer.

It's just that we've never lived like this, Rose almost told Walt now. In Fremont, where they'd lived since their marriage, they'd had a nice respectable looking house. Almost a pretty place. Rose had promised herself one day to have the yellow and brown frame painted a clear white edged with green. She had never gotten the clapboard windows she wanted. Still she had not minded, set back as the house was on the wide green lawn, shaded on the east by the apple orchard, on the west by the fragrant berry bushes and vines.

She lifted her face now for her husband's kiss. "You go along," she said. "Everything's fine." She steadied herself to keep back the

tears that kept demanding to gush forth. She lifted her chin. "We can't have everything. And it was my idea we move to Gilmore for the schools."

Walt nodded, kissed her, and was gone. Jinny and Cathy and the two boys had already left for school.

I've done as much as I can with the dreadful inside, Rose told herself.

A faint worried cry from one of the bedrooms on the east caught her attention. She hurried into the kitchen, took the bottle from the pan of water where it had been warming on the coal range. The baby was only three months old. She could not have left him for days, even with Jinny and Cathy. He had not been doing well. Until this past week when the doctor in Fremont had given her a new formula, nothing had agreed with him.

After the baby had taken his bottle, she came out of the bedroom and crossed the carpeted floor of the living room. Parting the creamy voile curtains, she looked out front, in a vain hope that things were not as bad as she remembered.

The ugly, treeless, baked dooryard was like a blow in her face. Poor children, to come to a home like this! Poor Jinny and Cathy!

She continued to stand by the window, forcing herself to accept reality.

Across the street in the other direction, toward the west, was a fine brick house. Set back on its wide tree-lined yard, it belonged to the Sheltons, well-to-do dry farmers. The tall curly-haired son was Jinny's age.

Directly across the street on the west, Rose could see it from her kitchen door, lived the Linley twins. Blonde, petite, gay and happy in their two-story colonial house, Rose had already heard of the colorful, gay parties the girls gave in the big garden, with its weeping willows and flower-bordered walks.

Walt's words came back to her. "It was all I could find," he had said. That was all. Six words that made of them outcasts.

Under the stress of her emotion she could think of no work she could do inside. So she went toward the bedroom, the baby in her arms for solace.

"There, there, my pet," she crooned, rocking him against her. "Don't you cry. Don't you cry."

The baby, wakened from his sound nap, opened his blue eyes and smiled.

By five o'clock Rose had roused herself, determined to face her despair. Walt, whose folks, though English-born, were pioneers in Idaho and Fremont, liked hearty meals, fragrant soups with potatoes and carrots, celery and onions and rice, and lots of meat edged with fat. Rose cooked to please him.

SHE had expected the girls to rush home the moment their last class was over. Jinny's sensitive face would be red and tear-streaked and swollen. Jinny cried easily. It would be more like Cathy to go straight to her room, quiet but heartbroken. Even the two boys, six and eight, had not come home. The first hour had seemed like a reprieve from the gallows. Now, as the clock in the front room struck five-thirty, Rose became anxious.

She opened the oven door, set the

fragrant golden-brown bread pudding on the back of the range. The table in the large kitchen-dining room was already laid. She closed the rear side door now, mindful of curious eyes from across the street. No one would believe, seeing the outside of the house, the surroundings, that well-bred people lived here.

Suddenly the family all burgeoned in on her at once. Even Walt, whom she had not expected until darkness struck. Expecting a havoc, a storm, their voices were light as spring.

"Don't take time to change your clothes," Rose told them. "Dinner's on the table. What made everyone so late?"

Walt, tall in his levis and soft wool shirt, was the only one besides herself who was not dressed in his best. As the bright chatter of the children subsided, he bowed his dark head.

"Our Father in heaven," he prayed, in the sudden silence, "we thank thee for thy bounty."

The moment he finished, Rose knew the children would begin their woes. Whatever had made them brave for the moment would be forgotten. Their bitter experiences of the day would come tumbling out.

"Well, what happened today, kids?" That was Walt, good-natured, careless of his grammar. He turned to Jinny. "Have a nice time your first day of school?"

The two boys began to chatter at once. "We're in a ball team. We stayed after school to practice. Joey is catcher. We need shoes and a mit."

Rose nodded, holding her breath. The boys were like their father, callous to what went on. Tomorrow, next week. It would take them a little longer to realize, to have thrown in their young faces, to admit they would be looked down on, because of the house in which they lived.

Cathy was speaking now, her warm olive skin flushed, her long hazel eyes eager and excited. "The nicest thing happened," she was saying, and Rose blinked her eyes and felt that she was dreaming.

"The nicest thing happened," Cathy said again. "At our first class —it was English—Miss Mortensen, that's the teacher's name, had all the new students stand and tell their names, where they were from and where they lived."

Rose held her breath. The children sensed her abstraction. Cathy turned to her and said, "Mother, Mother, are you listening?"

Rose nodded. "And what did you say? What did you tell your . . . your teacher, where you lived?"

"I told her," Cathy said, her eyes clear and sweet and steady, "in the old Jensen house down by the depot. . . ."

"Yes . . ." Rose breathed. All the feelings of the children, what she thought they would be feeling, poured down on her like an avalanche.

CATHY'S eyes were serious, but sparkling still. "And she said. . . ." Cathy looked round the oval table, with its white cloth, triumphantly, for effect, "Miss Mortensen said that it was good to see some really nice people had moved here. Because now it would be fixed up!"

"Fixed . . . up?" The words faltered from Rose's lips, sounding stupid, yet lightning-sharp, even to her. "Fixed up?"

It was true that she had done the best she could with the inside. But it was the outside that seemed impossible. Besides that, some men were handy at painting and planting. Walt was not. When work of that sort was done, they had to hire it done.

"Fixed up?" That was Walt. And his eyes, too, were shining. Yet even he could not match the happiness, the exuberance of all the children.

"Know what?" Jinny said, breaking in on her father. Quick tears came into her green eyes. "At noon today I got acquainted with the Linley twins across the street. They're having a big lawn party this Saturday night, the last of the season, they said."

No one broke in upon Jinny. There was a happy, I-told-you-so silence from Walt and the other children.

"And that's not all," Jinny said, lifting her piquant face proudly. "The dark, curly-haired boy across the street, Dick Shelton, walked home with me from school. He asked me to go to the party with him."

There was more, of course. Rose found the heart then, and the voice, to tell them about the real improvement in the baby. How he had really, yes, really, laughed up at her that afternoon!

Yet it was not until they were all abed, Walt lying beside her in the quiet of the autumn night, the curtains blowing softly at the open windows, that he told her his news.

"I told Thomas about the house," he said. Mr. Thomas was owner of the immense dry farm. "Today, he said I might have Henry and a couple of the other hands for a few days, as soon as there's a lull at the ranch. Henry does all the painting on the main house and the outbuildings. He says we might even round up enough white paint to do our house.

"And that's not all," Walt went on. "One of the men is a first-rate carpenter. He's coming tomorrow to measure for those clapboard things you want at the windows." He chuckled as though it was all to be expected.

Rose stretched out a hand, touched his shoulder lightly. Walt had not been so callous to their needs after all. Like Miss Mortensen said, he was a nice person. Else how could the children be so nice?

It had been Rose herself who had been hopeless and therefore helpless. Feeling that what was, was, and could not be helped or changed.

"And the yard?" For the first time she could even mention the despicable, disreputable yard.

"Oh, the yard," Walt was yawning. "I'm bringing a small tractor down this Saturday. Henry will help me with that, too. And you know what? Not far from the ranch there's a whole grove of trees, pines and quaking aspen. Henry says they'll transplant."

It was Rose's turn to yawn now, from sheer happiness. "The children will all help. And I can, too. The baby's better. It'll do us both good to be outside in this lovely autumn weather."

# NOTES FROM THE FIELD

*General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

## RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Nina Beth G. Cunningham

GOODING STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, May 11, 1957

Seated at the left in the front row is the chorister Rachel Howard; Myrtle Woodland, organist, is seated third from the left in the second row; Helen Giles, Counselor, is fifth from the right in the second row; Nina Beth G. Cunningham, President, Gooding Stake Relief Society, is seated third from the right in the second row; former president Jenna Vee Hall, is seated at the left in the third row.

Counselor Idella Walker and Secretary Bessie Standlee are not in the picture.

Sister Cunningham reports: "At this convention, Elder Leland H. Monson, author of the theology lessons, held spellbound more than 200 sisters and some members of the Priesthood with his discourse on The Book of Mormon. His strong testimony that The Book of Mormon is divine engraved a deeper conviction in the hearts of many, some of whom expressed their feelings in the testimonial which followed. The extensive efforts of the Singing Mothers and their leaders became a fruitful experience in providing a beautiful setting for the convention sessions. Members of the stake Relief Society board served as ushers and also served a hot dinner to the congregation. . . . Our members are scattered over a wide area. The spirit of the Lord reigned supreme, and the convention was a rich spiritual experience."

Photographs submitted by Frances P. Andrus

## NORTHERN FAR EAST MISSION, HIROSHIMA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES FIRST WESTERN QUILT

At the right, the quilt is displayed by Sister Esther Sato, missionary.

At left, left to right: Tami Kagoshima; Miyoko Kamotani; Yoshiko Naito; Reiko Otomori; Nikuno Nishihara; Joyce C. Worthen.

Frances P. Andrus, President, Northern Far East Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Hiroshima Branch Relief Society has finished the first western quilt to be made in the Northern Far East Mission. Oriental design was used on the appliqued pattern of gray, black, and turquoise on yellow, with a deep wine-colored background. Joyce Worthen of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Esther Sato of Hawaii directed the project. Sister Worthen designed the quilt. The Japanese sisters, undoubtedly, enjoyed this new experience, and plans are now underway for making more quilts."

Photograph submitted by Mal B. Oveson

## UNION STAKE (OREGON) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MORNING SESSION OF STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
April 1957

Mal B. Oveson, President, Union Stake Relief Society, reports that six wards and three branches were represented in this chorus. The stake chorister is Marie Wakefield and the organist is Evelyn Jones.

Photograph submitted by Gwen H. Lyman

GARFIELD STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED FOR FORTY YEARS AND OVER
May 4, 1957

Front row, left to right: Nellie Smith; Alice Bailey; Amanda Mitchell; Emma Gates; Elizabeth Frost; Francis Shakespear; Polly Spencer; Mary Mooseman.

Second row: Minnie Smith; Zella Willis; Mary Lyman; Jane Roundy; Emily Pollock; Annie Alvey; Eliza McInelly.

Back row: Ethel Clark; Rachel Thompson; Alta Henderson; Elizabeth Miller; Susan Heaps.

Members not present when the picture was taken: Allie Spencer; Fern Henderson; Johanna Barker; Matilda Shakespear; Sarah T. Osborn; Rosie G. Roundy; Ella Roundy; Lovisa Johnson.

The social was held at Escalante and the sisters were presented with potted plants. Gwen H. Lyman is president of Garfield Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Irene P. Kerr

BRITISH MISSION, DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY SUPERVISORS CONVENTION, NOTTINGHAM, July 6, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Cecilia Edwards, Supervisor, Wales District; Margaret Anderson, Assistant Supervisor, Manchester District; Mary Price, Assistant Supervisor, London District; Maud A. Hawkes, Counselor in Mission Relief Society

Presidency; Irene P. Kerr, President, British Mission Relief Society; Mary Laycock, Counselor in Mission Relief Society Presidency; Gladys Fullwood, Supervisor, Liverpool District; Rhona Cunningham, Supervisor, London District; Mary Porch, Supervisor, Scotland District.

Back row, standing, left to right: Olive Guest, Supervisor, Hull District; Clare Clegg, Supervisor, Leeds District; Ivy Holder, Supervisor, Bristol District; Lorna Murden, Supervisor, Sheffield District; Mildred Jennis, Supervisor, Norwich District; Rhoda Tinson, Supervisor, Nottingham District; E. R. Elgers, Supervisor, Birmingham District; Vera Hewitt, Supervisor, Newcastle District.

Joan Davison, Supervisor, Ireland District, was not present when the picture was taken.

Sister Kerr reports: "Sister Rhoda Tinson acted as hostess. Thirteen of our fourteen districts were represented. District President Oliver Storer and his counselor George Winfield attended our meetings, thus showing the interest and support given the Relief Society organization by the Priesthood. The spirit of love and oneness of purpose was manifest. During the morning meetings, instructions, suggestions, and helps were given by the Mission Relief Society President and her two counselors on administrative problems, visiting teaching, welfare, work projects, and lessons for the coming season. During the afternoon, suggestive articles for bazaars were shown and explained, a question and answer period was held, and time was given for testimony bearing. Each one present expressed gratitude for the Church, for the Relief Society organization, and for opportunities to serve in the Lord's work. The noon hour was spent enjoying a delicious meal prepared and served by the sisters of Nottingham. All the sisters returned to their districts with renewed enthusiasm and a desire to improve the functions of Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Vella V. Tilton

## FLORIDA STAKE SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

April 29, 1957

Seated at the piano: Rosalind Crosby, chorister; Betty Jo Boos, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Marian H. Madsen, First Counselor, Florida Stake Relief Society; Evon W. Peterson, member, General Board of Relief Society; Alvin C. Chace, President, Florida Stake; Blanche B. Stoddard, member, General Board of Relief Society; Hazel T. Reed, Second Counselor, Florida Stake Relief Society; Edith Roberson, Secretary-Treasurer, Florida Stake Relief Society.

Vella V. Tilton, President, Florida Stake Relief Society, was unable to attend the convention because of illness. She reports, however, that the sisters received much inspiration at the meetings.

Photograph submitted by Fern Horton

SANTAQUIN-TINTIC STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, June 1957

Fern Horton is president of Santaquin-Tintic Stake Relief Society; Jennie Bylund is stake chorister; the singing was conducted by Vera P. Patten; and Bonnie Milner was organist. Sister Horton reports that this group has sung in many conferences and the members are very faithful.

Photograph submitted by Eugenia N. Logan

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION AT LAIE, March 30, 1957

Seated, left center of the picture, beginning with Stake President Edward L. Clissold, and reading towards the right: Irene Clissold, member, Oahu Stake Relief Society Board; Lily Colburn, missionary; Evelyn Miyamoto, stake board member; Emily Enos, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Isabelle Kin Kee, Second Counselor; Eugenia Logan, President; Sylvia Boe, chorister; Victoria Kamakaokalani, *Magazine* representative; Elizabeth K. Forsythe, Secretary.

Sister Forsythe reports: "The meeting was conducted by Emily Enos and presided er by Eugenia Logan, President, under the direction of President Edward L. Clissold Oahu Stake. Total attendance was 158 sisters, three bishops, one high councilman, nd President Clissold. Lunch was prepared and served by Isabelle Lin Kee, with the sistance of the work director counselors of the wards and branches. After lunch, a esentation of Church books was made to all the wards and branches for their efforts enlisting members for the Relief Society. Relief Society pins were presented to the llowing sisters for their years of service in the visiting teacher program: Simuta Veali Hauula Branch); Joyce Sears (Halawa Ward); Rachel Price (Kalihi Ward); Maggie road (Laie First Ward); Leialoha Jenson (Laie Second Ward); Abigail Kaleiheana Lanakila Ward); Lily Ing (Moanalua Ward); Katherine Holi (Nanakuli Branch); Mary Bertleman (Pearl City Branch); Susie Kim (Wahiawa Ward)."

Photograph submitted by Arta R. Ballif

## NEW ZEALAND MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAYS AT HUI TAU (ANNUAL CONFERENCE), April 18-22, 1957

At the right: Arta R. Ballif, in charge of the women's auxiliaries, wife of President Ariel S. Ballif of the New Zealand Mission. At the left Gertrude Grant, President, New Zealand Mission Relief Society, acting under direction of Sister Arta R. Ballif, New Zealand Mission.

Sister Ballif reports: "On display were quilts, crocheting, embroidering, floral pieces, effective visual aids to promote daily reading of The Book of Mormon reading course. The Color Wheel depicted the warmth and color brought into our lives by the use of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Of interest to all visitors was the Mother Goose party table, seeming to bring to life all the favorite characters of the toddlers . . . . The centerpiece was the shoe in which the little old lady and her children lived. Secretaries were instructed through charts and graphs. Visiting teachers were given helpful suggestions. Visual aids for teaching and 'take-away' hints were distributed to all visitors. The 'Haere Mai ki te Hui Atawhai,' slogan for Relief Society was adopted for 1957, and displayed on banners. It means: 'Come to Relief Society, welcome and love to all.' Five hours on Friday morning were devoted to inspirational talks, demonstration teaching, and executive instructions in Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Edith E. Baddley

SOUTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CLOSING SOCIAL, June 4, 1957

Left to right, retiring officers: Karen Wilde; Lucille Olsen; Leona Reese. New officers: Dora Richards, President; Phyllis Owens; Emma Prisbrey; Hazel Packer.

This social, planned around the theme "Memories," honored the retiring ward officers and their daughters, and the members of the stake Relief Society board. Sister Lillian Felt sang "Memories," and all of the program numbers were cleverly introduced in rhyme by Sister Nelda Parson, as she took keepsakes from a small chest. A tribute to the visiting teachers was given by Alice R. Rich, from her recently published book of poetry, followed by a piano solo by Linda Jeppson. The Singing Mothers furnished numbers, and Rita Classen sang a solo. The accompanists for the afternoon were Jean Packer, Barbara Rasmussen, Paulette Lichtenstein, and Ethel Poulter. Hazel Packer presented a lovely tribute to the memory of the late Sarah Carruthers. All of the honored guests were presented with corsages and special gifts. From the globe in the center of the table ribbons extend to "graduates" representing subjects taught in Relief Society. Refreshments were served.

Edith E. Baddley is president of South Box Elder Stake Relief Society.

## *Scent of Autumn*

*Hazel M. Thomson*

Bright, turning leaves,
And a chill in the air,
Give a sense of summer's loss,
And yet,
It wasn't quite definite,
Until I smelled chilisauce.

# LESSON DEPARTMENT

## *Theology*—The Doctrine and Covenants

### Lesson 4—The Prophecy Concerning Elijah the Prophet

*Elder Roy W. Doxey*

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Section 2)

For Tuesday, January 7, 1958

Objective: To show the value of the prophet Elijah's predicted visit to the earth in our dispensation.

### *The Place of Section Two in The Doctrine and Covenants*

SECTION 2 is the first in chronological sequence of the revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants. It is appropriate that one of the messages of this volume of scripture should be brought to the attention of the student early in this study—the message that The Doctrine and Covenants attests to the reality of the future life by the revelations which tell of the return to the earth of resurrected beings. Section 2 was placed in The Doctrine and Covenants for the first time in the 1876 edition. It is also found in the Prophet Joseph Smith's history (*D. H. C.* 1:12), and in The Pearl of Great Price, *Writings of Joseph Smith* 2:38-39.

In addition to attesting to the fact of the resurrection, there are two more points to be remembered from the historical background or context, of this section. First, that the coming of the ancient American prophet Moroni to Joseph Smith on September 21, 1823, was the beginning of the ministry of angels in this dispensation. Second, that the misconceptions of men relative to angels were made known early to Joseph Smith.

The great importance of the reality of the resurrection will be discussed later during this course.

### *Ministry of Angels*

The second fact—the ministry of angels—opens up a number of ideas which are important also. Although men claimed that revelation from God had ceased, there was no scriptural justification for such belief. (See Lesson One.) When people of faith have lived upon the earth, the Lord has revealed his will to them in various ways, such as by

the ministry of angels. When people believe that revelation is no longer received nor necessary, such communication from the heavens is withheld. (See Moroni 7:22-29, 37.) The coming of the angel Moroni was prophesied for this dispensation. (See Revelation 14:6-7.)

Although the scriptures teach that angels are fellow-beings and fellow-servants of us mortals and should be thought of as those who have lived on earth and have passed on to serve as heavenly messengers, men have conceived them to be vastly different from us, for one thing, having wings as a means of locomotion.

In describing the heavenly being Moroni, Joseph Smith made known the following truths in answer to prayer for further enlightenment from God.

> While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked and his arms also, a little above the wrist, so, also were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. . . . Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person.
>
> When first I looked upon him, I was afraid but the fear soon left me (*D. H. C.* I:11).

Joseph Smith was instructed many times by Moroni, who had lived upon the American Continent over fourteen hundred years before, but, as a resurrected being, he came as a "fellow-servant" of those who were seeking to assist in the salvation of mankind. For this purpose was Joseph Smith commissioned by God through the reopening of the heavens in fulfillment of Bible prophecies. The modern Prophet, Joseph Smith, could testify not only that the Father and the Son, Jesus Christ, truly existed, but also that the testimony of the Bible prophets concerning the ministration of angels was true.

### *Elijah and Moroni*

An era of faith had begun; a new dispensation of the gospel with its miracles, had been committed to man upon the earth and angels ministered once more to the Lord's appointed. Section 2 is about another angel from God who also had an important place in the dispensation of the fulness of times. His coming to the earth followed that of Moroni, who spoke of Elijah in his visit to Joseph Smith. Elijah the prophet was a resurrected heavenly being as was Moroni. (See D. & C. 133:55.) His coming was also prophesied in the Bible. (See Malachi 4:5-6.)

### *Section 2 and Malachi 4:5-6 Compared*

When Moroni visited Joseph Smith he quoted, among other prophecies, the one which closes the Old Testament, as follows:

> Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.

If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming (D. & C. Section 2).

A comparison of Malachi 4:5-6 shows that there are some changes in the above quoted version given by Moroni. The most significant of these is the additional fact that Elijah was to bring the Priesthood to the earth. Next, the phraseology of the second sentence differs but the meaning is still preserved. And last, the penalty expressed in the last phrase of Malachi is clarified by section 2. The one point which is preserved by the same language is the expression ". . . before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" (D. & C. 2:1). This statement is highly significant because it indicates the *time* when Elijah would come to the earth. What does this expression mean?

It means the day when the Lord Jesus Christ comes in power and glory to take vengeance upon the wicked. It shall be a dreadful day to the unrepentant, but to the righteous it shall be a day of salvation. Before that day, however, Elijah was to come to confer the Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery as the capstone of the restoration of divine authority in the last days.

(Many of the ideas which follow come from the writings of President Joseph Fielding Smith. A collection of material on this subject is found in *Doctrines of Salvation*, vol. II, chapters 6-7. Class leaders will benefit materially by consulting this reference.)

*Why Elijah Restored Priesthood*

Elijah was to bring Priesthood to the earth. But some may ask, "Why does Elijah restore Priesthood when Peter, James, and John had already brought the Melchizedek Priesthood to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery?" If these three apostles had been commissioned to do so, they could have performed this function, but there is something more in the mission of Elijah than what was included in the mission of Peter, James, and John. This is what the Prophet wrote concerning Elijah:

> Elijah was the last Prophet that held the keys of the Priesthood, and who will, before the last dispensation, restore the authority and deliver the keys of the Priesthood, in order that *all* the ordinances may be attended to in righteousness. It is true that the Savior had authority and power to bestow this blessing; but the sons of Levi were too prejudiced. "And I will send Elijah the Prophet before the great and terrible day of the Lord," etc., etc. Why send Elijah? Because he holds the keys of the authority to administer in *all* the ordinances of the Priesthood; and without the authority is given, the ordinances could not be administered in righteousness (*D. H. C.*, IV:211). (Underlining by author.)

Although Elijah, Moses, and Jesus conferred keys of authority on Peter, James, and John on the Mount of Transfiguration, the Lord had reserved Elijah for the restoration of certain keys for the salvation of man in the last dispensation. (See *D. H. C.* III:387.)

Elijah's mission was one of restoring the sealing power. This power was not for the dead ex-

clusively, but for the living also. Some have thought it was the keys of baptism for the dead, but it was not that. There were no baptisms for the dead in the days of Elijah, or before Jesus taught the gospel in the spirit world between his own death and resurrection. (See I Peter 3:18-20; 4:6. ) Jesus bridged the gulf which separated the righteous in paradise from the wicked in prison. In other words, Elijah restored the fulness of the power of Priesthood. This power, or the keys of the Priesthood, make valid all of the ordinances of the gospel, but without this sealing power, as the Prophet Joseph Smith said, "the ordinances [of the Priesthood . . .] could not be administered in righteousness."

Men who hold the Priesthood may officiate by the authority they possess, but only when *directed* to do so by those who possess the keys of the Priesthood. It is this power by which all things are bound in heaven as well as on earth that Elijah restored. Elijah had a special mission and was called to perform it. Notwithstanding Elijah's mission pertained to the living, it was more especially for the work in the temples, for the living and the dead. It is by this means that husbands and wives and children are sealed to one another.

*The Wasting of the Earth*

When one understands that validity is given to all ordinances of the gospel through the sealing powers of the Priesthood, an understanding of the fact stated in section 2 concerning the earth being utterly wasted at the Lord's second coming, is available. In addition, the sealing powers make possible a welding link between the fathers and the children, a work for the dead, which is essential for the salvation of the living. The "curse" spoken of by Malachi is that "the whole earth would be utterly wasted" at the Lord's coming, if the sealing power were not restored. This judgment, however, will not befall the earth because Elijah has come with this power, and the necessary keys for both the salvation of the dead and the living are in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

*Salvation of the Dead*

When Malachi said Elijah's mission was to ". . . turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers . . ." (Mal. 4:6), we have a thought which suggests the great work for the dead. The turning of the hearts of the fathers in the spirit world to the children on the earth, is as consistent as the fact that the living on earth seek earnestly to gather genealogical data of their deceased fathers in order that the ordinances may be performed for them in the temples of the Lord. This thought is agreeable with the angel Moroni's rendition of Malachi's prophecy where he said that ". . . he [Elijah] shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers . . ." (Pearl of Great Price, *Writings of Joseph Smith* 2:39). The thought was suggested by Elder John A. Widtsoe that in the preearth life, we, who would be assigned to the earth during a time when we could accomplish a service

or our kindred dead, were under a ommitment to do this work beause of the premortal contract to lo this. Here are his words:

In our preexistent state, in the day of he great council, we made a certain greement with the Almighty. The Lord roposed a plan, conceived by him. We ccepted it. Since the plan is intended or all men, we became parties to the alvation of every person under that plan. Ve agreed, right then and there, to be ot only saviors for ourselves but measurably, saviors for the whole human family. We went into a partnership with he Lord. The working out of the plan ecame then not merely the Father's work, and the Savior's work, but also our work. The least of us, the humblest, is n partnership with the Almighty in chieving the purposes of the eternal plan f salvation.

That places us in a very responsible ttitude towards the human race. By that loctrine, with the Lord at the head, we ecome saviors on Mount Zion, all committed to the great plan of offering salvation to the untold numbers of spirits. To do this is the Lord's self-imposed uty, this great labor his highest glory. Likewise, it is man's duty, self-imposed, is pleasure and joy, his labor, and ultimately his glory ("The Worth of Souls," *The Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, October 1934, page 189).

### Importance of the Dead to the Living

We learn in the scriptures that the work for the dead is of such importance to the living that they without their dead cannot be made perfect. In the language of section 128 we read:

And now, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters, let me assure you that these are principles in relation to the dead and the living that cannot be lightly passed over, as pertaining to our salvation. For their salvation is necessary and essential to our salvation, as Paul says concerning the fathers—that they without us cannot be made perfect—neither can we without our dead be made perfect.

. . . For we without them cannot be made perfect; neither can they without us be made perfect. Neither can they nor we be made perfect without those who have died in the gospel also . . . (D. & C. 128:15, 18).

### Evidence of Prophecy Fulfilled

If a nonmember friend were to ask for evidence to support the claim of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery that Elijah actually came to them and restored the keys of the Priesthood, as prophesied, on April 3, 1836, in the Kirtland Temple, what would you say? President Joseph Fielding Smith has suggested the consistency of their claim because no one else in the world has testified to the return of Elijah to the earth. Their testimony becomes more reasonable when it is realized that these two men could not turn the hearts of the children to their fathers, except by the power of God. President Smith also reminds us that they did not have the power to persuade millions of people who are not members of the Church to turn their attention to their dead fathers. He sets forth evidence that organized efforts to gather genealogical data were not forthcoming until after Elijah came to the Kirtland Temple in 1836. One year after this date, Great Britain passed laws compelling the preservation of duplicate records of the dead. The New England Historical and Genealogical Society was organized in 1844, and the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society came into existence in 1869 for the purpose of compiling genealogical records.

The great increase in interest on the part of individuals in genealogy has come since 1836. Thousands of family histories have been compiled outside of this Church to aid in the great work of redeeming our dead. These efforts on the part of nonmembers of the Church bear witness that Elijah did come and restore the keys of the Priesthood. The activity on the part of the members of the Church in the gathering of vital statistics with the modern methods of microfilming hundreds of thousands of records combine to bear testimony of the "spirit of Elijah" in the world.

### *Questions for Discussion*

1. What circumstances gave rise to this revelation (section 2)?
2. Discuss: The ministry of angels should be expected after the New Testament period.
3. Who was Elijah? (See I Kings, chapters 17-22; 2 Kings, chapters 1-2).
4. What contributions are made by section 2 to an understanding of Malachi 4:5-6?
5. Why did Elijah restore Priesthood to the earth (1836) following the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood by Peter, James, and John (1829)?
6. Of what importance is the doctrine of salvation of the dead?
7. What evidence exists that Elijah has come in fulfillment of Malachi's prophecy?

# *Visiting Teacher Messages*—
## Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

### Message 4—"Remember That Without Faith You Can Do Nothing; Therefore Ask in Faith . . . Do Not Ask For That Which You Ought Not" (D. & C. 8:10).

*Christine H. Robinson*

For Tuesday, January 7, 1958

Objective: To show that all things are possible to him who has absolute faith and who exercises it wisely.

FAITH is the cornerstone of religion; it is the motivating force of action, and the first principle in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The message on this important principle, as found in section 8 of The Doctrine and Covenants, presents two areas of thought. First, we are reminded that nothing can be accomplished without faith, be it great or small, miraculous, or commonplace. To be complete, faith involves an unquestioning trust in God, full confidence in ourselves, and faith in the cause for which we are working. Second, faith is such a vital, motivating force that it must be employed sincerely and not utilized for selfish purposes.

Faith is the foundation of courage, strength, confidence, hope, and trust. It is solidly behind all of the accomplishments of man.

Recently an effective vaccine has

een developed which promises to ontrol the scourge of polio. This onderful benefit to mankind came fter years of painstaking labor and esearch, every step of which was ounded on faith that a vaccine ould be found.

The Lord achieves his divine pur-oses here upon the earth through he faith of mankind. He ". . . work-st unto the children of men accord-ng to their faith" (Ether 12:29). He has promised, "Ask, and it shall e given you; seek, and ye shall find; nock, and it shall be opened unto ou" (Mt. 7:7). But, he also adds, . . . let him ask in faith, nothing avering . . ." (James 1:6).

As indicated in the second area f the message, one should not ttempt to employ faith in the fur-hering of one's own selfish inter-sts. The story is told of a young irl blessed with a great talent who von high honors in a national con-est. When her grandfather con-ratulated her, she explained humbly hat she had fasted and prayed and new that the Lord would help her ucceed. Her grandfather remarked that it was probable that the other contestants had prayed that they also might win. Whereupon the granddaughter replied, "I did not pray to win, but asked the Lord to help me to do my best. He helped me do my best, and even if I had not won the contest, still I would feel that I had succeeded."

It is a mark of sincere faith to ask the Lord to help us always to do our best. With this type of motivation we can move confidently forward to the full utilization of all of our talents and abilities and with full confidence of the Lord's blessings, for:

> . . . Whatsoever thing ye shall ask the Father in my name, which is good, in faith believing that ye shall receive, behold, it shall be done unto you (Moroni 7:26).

Faith is a gift from God. As with all other gifts, the more one exercises it, in the righteous way, the more it grows and develops. Finally, it becomes a great motivating spiritual power in the lives of men. And to him who has such faith Jesus has promised, "nothing shall be impossible to you" (Mt. 17:20).

## *Living Proof*

*Iris W. Schow*

Here, where I pause a moment in my flight
From grief, with work, caught by the feel
Of grass through parted fingers, I become aware
That hands, tears, weeds, rose, thorn are sharply real.
And suddenly less torn
By woe, accept the fact these signs reveal:
That in the realness of this grass, these hands,
My tears, these weeds, this rose, its thorn,
Lies living proof earth is no accident,
And this bereavement can be borne.

# *Work Meeting*—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

## Lesson 4—Making Money More Valuable

*Elder William F. Edwards*

For Tuesday, January 8, 1958

Objective: To become aware of the added happiness available to those who are always anticipating important and good things.

ONE reason the sacred scriptures never grow old is because they contain so much basic truth that is recognized anew as our understanding increases. Thus one can continually study the scriptures and find "hidden treasures of knowledge." In the story of the creation of the earth and man and the mission of Jesus, we see in action principles that have application to our objective of a life filled with joy.

### *Creation of Earth and Man*

The Book of Moses records the visions and the writings of Moses as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Lord made clear his goal:

> For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and the eternal life of man (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39).

With this goal established, there follows the greatest recorded story of preparation and anticipation. "The earth was without form, and void . . ." and in five intervals of time called "days," the earth was prepared for man (Moses 2:1-25). Then came the greatest of the days: "And I, God, said unto mine Only Begotten, which was with me from the beginning: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and it was so" (Moses 2:26). And God blessed them "male and female" and instructed them.

With the goal of creation completed, God "rested on the seventh day," "And I, God, blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it . . ." (Moses 3:2-3).

In this story we desire to detect three fundamentals:

a. Establishment of an important goal
b. An adequate period of preparation and anticipation
c. Realization of the goal.

### *Jesus and His Mission*

The purpose of the earthly mission of Jesus (the goal) is clear from the scriptures. The story of the early life of Jesus is incomplete, but sufficient to reveal thirty years of preparation and anticipation. Then came the short but glorious mission, the realization of the goal (Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John).

### *The Lord's Way—The Wise Way*

The story of the delivering of Israel from bondage, the story of Joseph Smith and the organization of the Church (Joseph Smith 2, The Pearl of Great Price), and other great events in the dealings of the Lord with his people, all emphasize the same fundamentals. It can be

aid that the Lord's way of achieving worthwhile things is to begin by the establishment of an important, praiseworthy goal, and then engage in an adequate period of preparation and anticipation. Applying these fundamentals to our lives quickly reveals that it is the wise way.

### A Successful Trip

Many saints living in all parts of North America have thrilled with a trip to Palmyra, New York, to witness The Book of Mormon pageant at the Hill Cumorah. In this we can find a practical application of these fundamentals by imagining the experiences of two families.

The first family did things the right way. Nearly a year in advance they decided to make the trip. This gave them time to prepare for the trip. They soon found that going by one route and returning another they could visit along the way almost all of the important spots in Church history. This stimulated a review of Church history to identify the exact location of the spots and to become more fully acquainted with the history. Now people in history became more important, and this family became better acquainted with the lives of early Church leaders. This also provided time to prepare financially for the trip.

IN contrast, let us imagine another family doing the same thing, but doing it the wrong way. This family made a sudden decision to take the trip. It was necessary to borrow money from the bank. They obtained road maps, but failed to identify many of the important historical locations and did not acquaint themselves with the desired Church history. After returning home, they became aware of the many things they could have done with proper planning, and there was the debt at the bank to be paid off.

Both families spent the same amount of time taking the trip and the same amount of money. But there is no question but that the first family obtained much more satisfaction—the money they spent was more valuable!

### Savings Should Precede Spending

Savings should precede spending, with only justifiable exceptions.

The First Presidency would like to urge every member of the Church to follow the example set by the Church and to live within his income.

Anyone who lives beyond his income is inviting disaster. Borrowed money is not income. Borrowing on capital account, within your reasonable capacity to pay, may be sound, depending upon circumstances. But borrowing to live on is unsound, whether it be an outright loan or installment buying. We urge the members to be frugal, thrifty, industrious, temperate, saving, and to live righteously (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.).

Some will ask: How could we ever obtain many things like an automobile, a refrigerator, or a television set, if we could not buy on credit, because it seems impossible to save first? There is only one correct answer. The more pressing your financial position, the greater the need to save before buying. Only the well-to-do can afford to buy on credit, and they are the ones most likely to avoid it.

It is better to live simply, plainly, be sparing in every indulgence, even if it is harmless, than to replenish your purse for luxuries by going into debt (Joseph F. Smith).

Buying on credit usually means paying the equivalent of a premium price; it is the expensive way and, in the long run, the hard way of acquiring things.

There are justifiable occasions for encouraging debts, such as buying a home, and this will be discussed fully in a subsequent lesson. But, generally, it is unwise to buy and pay later.

Never be argued out of your soul; never be argued out of your honor; and never be argued into believing that soul and honor do not run a terrible risk if you limp into life with the load of debt on your shoulders (Bulwer Lytton).

*Money Can Be Made More Valuable*

It is a recognized principle in economics, as real as Newton's Theory of Gravitation or Einstein's Law of Relativity, that money changes in value. Most people have a greater opportunity to increase their economic satisfactions by doing those things that increase the *value* of money than by increasing the *supply* of money available for spending.

In a very real sense, the family that planned carefully for the trip to Palmyra received enjoyment equal to having spent the money three times. The period of *preparation* and *anticipation* was one of real happiness and joy. The period of *realization* was enriched and made more satisfying. After returning home, their choice memories of the trip and satisfaction from having seen and experienced all of the things of interest were valuable. They really received $3 of satisfaction for each $1 spent! In contrast, the other family that failed to plan probably did not receive even $1 of value for each $1 spent. They were deprived of the experience of preparation and anticipation, received less enjoyment while on the trip, and, in the end, had a degree of remorse plus the burden of paying back the money borrowed.

*Conclusion*

Always be anticipating something wonderful. This not only results in spending money more wisely, but gives added new satisfaction frequently equal to that which comes from the actual realization — it truly makes money more valuable.

The hopeful man is the man whom discouragement cannot harm, the man who is able to overcome reverses. If one lives each day in an atmosphere of preparation and anticipation for soul-satisfying and wonderful events, each day is somehow colored by this beauty, and all of life grows more lovely. All of the events of our life can gain in value if we look forward to them with joy, plan for them with care, and accomplish them in the spirit of the gospel.

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IF a person owned what he had and did not have to pay interest, and only bought as he had the money to buy, the majority of people would be in reasonably comfortable circumstances (President Heber J. Grant, *Gospel Standards*, page 112).

# *Literature* — Shakespeare in Our Lives

## Lesson 12—The "Hamlet" Frame

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, January 21, 1958

Objective: To appreciate Shakespeare's most provocative drama that we may find new meaning for our own lives and deeper or more adequate expression to our thoughts.

The one word that explains the Shakespeare miracle is *unconsciousness*.—Henry David Thoreau.

*HAMLET* is not only Shakespeare's most popular play, but it is generally conceded to be his most provocative one, as witnessed by its thousands of performances in the theaters of all nations. As early as 1702, George Farquhar called it "Long the Darling of the English Audience, and like to continue with the same applause, in Defiance of all criticism." It has been estimated that more books have been written about the character of Hamlet than any other name in fiction, and more than any "real" person, save Christ, Napoleon, and Lincoln. In recent decades the number of books "explaining" him continues to increase. Thus, apparently, we moderns continue to find new vitality in the play each time it is read. And even though no one completely understands the frustrations which make up Hamlet's character, he seems to tell us more about ourselves from over the centuries than do writers of our own day, so constant is his popularity.

Probably the reason Hamlet is so provocative is because, without any close rivals, his is the most complex character in Shakespeare. So inexhaustible are the depths of conflicts within him, so vastly does he range from the highest pinnacles of hope to the darkest caverns of self-contempt and despair that each of us, regardless of our identity at this present moment, finds some large phase of himself mirrored in Hamlet. So complex is he that, as A. C. Bradley points out, he is the only character among Shakespeare's myriad creations who could have written Shakespeare's plays.

A brilliant example of the various responses which he evokes is told by Frederic Harrison, an Englishman with a lifelong devotion to *Hamlet*, who recalls his disappointment at the French production of *Hamlet* he saw in Paris. "Why, that isn't *Hamlet* at all!" he complained to a Frenchman seated near him, who, in turn, replied, "My friend, you forget that Hamlet is not only an Englishman. There is a French Hamlet, a German, an Italian, a Russian Hamlet, each different in personal and national idiosyncrasy, but all profoundly true to Shakespeare's ideal of the inscrutable spirit of the ill-starred Prince of Denmark." This varying concept of Hamlet among various cultures is not to be questioned, so logical is

it. How much more true must be the variation *within* each culture; Hamlet, therefore, must appear as variously to each of us as we are different from each other. And an awareness of this truth is not to belittle him nor destroy his power, but only to acclaim the unconscious genius Shakespeare employed to incarnate most nearly his inexhaustible self within Hamlet, the largest single creation of his pen.

It shall be the purpose of the second lesson on Hamlet to discuss him as the central, integrating symbol-force of the play, about whom all else hinges; indeed, in no other of Shakespeare's plays does one character so completely dominate. As preparation for such an approach, our present lesson attempts to point out how thoroughly Shakespeare prepared a magnificent setting or frame around the emerging character of Hamlet; how lesser characters within the play, even though they receive his contempt, his envy, or even his rapier, best serve to mirror the various conflicts within Hamlet himself. But before this is begun, we must look for a moment at the plot.

*Plot*

Prince Hamlet, son of Hamlet, King of Denmark, was away studying at Wittenberg when he received word of his father's—the King's—sudden death and returned home. Too soon thereafter his widowed mother, Queen Gertrude, had married Claudius, her husband's brother, who now reigns as king.

At midnight on the battlements of the castle, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears to him and his best friend Horatio, and tells Prince Hamlet that Claudius has murdered him after first winning Gertrude's affections. Next the ghost orders him to be revenged on his uncle, although he should spare his mother. In hesitation at performing this command, Hamlet pretends to be mad, and repulses Ophelia whom he formerly loved. He arranges for a play to be presented to the court which represents the crimes of his uncle who, seeing the play for what it is, betrays his evident guilt to Hamlet's satisfaction.

King Claudius flees from the play to kneel in private prayer. Here Hamlet discovers him, yet cannot bring himself to kill him while he is in such holy pursuits. In a furious interview with his mother in her bedroom, Hamlet, it seems to her, is about to kill her, but, instead, he accidentally kills Polonius, who had been planted by Claudius behind the draperies to eavesdrop.

As soon as hot-blooded Laertes learns that Polonius, his father, has been murdered, he returns posthaste from France to avenge his father's death, but he is controlled by King Claudius, who convinces him Hamlet will be taken care of. Knowing his own danger as long as Hamlet is alive and able to talk, Claudius sends Hamlet to England, unknowingly bearing orders for his own execution upon arrival.

Completely spurned, then crushed by cruelly indifferent Hamlet, Ophelia goes mad, even as word comes from the high seas that Hamlet has killed his guards and former friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has overcome pirates who attacked his vessel, and even now is back in Denmark. Once

more Claudius and Laertes plot his death. Hamlet arrives with his friend Horatio just in time to witness the funeral of accidentally drowned Ophelia, and in rash despair over his lost love for her, he jumps into her open grave to quarrel with her fiery brother Laertes.

Soon thereafter King Claudius announces a fencing match to be held before the court, in which Laertes is to use a poisoned sword against Hamlet. Laertes wounds Hamlet, but the foils accidentally had been exchanged, and Laertes, instead, is poisoned. Realizing that he has but seconds to live, Laertes tells of the King's treachery, but he speaks too late to prevent Queen Gertrude from drinking the poisoned wine prepared for Hamlet. Knowing that his own death is near, Hamlet finally becomes a man of action and stabs the King, then, to be doubly sure, Hamlet forces Claudius to drink the remaining poisoned wine, gallantly saves Horatio from death, and dies. As an ironic contrast, Prince Fortinbras of Norway enters en route to a successful conquest for his own glory and that of his country.

*Condensation*

Though *Hamlet* is by far Shakespeare's longest play, it is concentrated diet throughout. Ideally, nothing can be removed without injuring the entire structure. The play itself is its own best summary, and no other even approaches validity. It contains no one "best" scene because the play as a whole is its own best oneness. Therefore, in presenting excerpts, we do so only because of the shortness of time and space.

The play sparkles with well-worn phrases long familiar to our tongues. Who would have thought just one of Shakespeare's plays could have put so many words in our mouths as the following: "In my mind's eye" (I. 2. 185); "the primrose path of dalliance treads" (I. 3.50); "brevity is the soul of wit" (II. 2. 90); "Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't" (II. 2. 207-208); "Aye, there's the rub" (III. 1. 65); "shuffled off this mortal coil" (III. 1. 67); "the whips and scorns of time" (III. 1. 70); "The glass of fashion and the mold of form" (III. 1. 161); "as easy as lying" (III. 2. 373); "my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven" (III. 3. 36); "Hoist with his own petar" (III. 4. 207); "flaming youth" (III. 4. 84); "Cudgel thy brains" (V. 1. 63); "yeoman's service" (V. 2. 36); "Sweets to the sweet" (V. 1. 266); "dog will have his day" (V. 1. 315); "There's a divinity that shapes our ends" (V. 2. 10). Many more quotations could be cited, if space permitted. Yet these are ample to indicate how memorable is the language of the play throughout, largely because of its intensity and condensation.

*Hub and Wheel*

*Hamlet* is such a tremendous experience because Shakespeare has been so successful in making Hamlet's confusions, contradictions, his hopes, and despairs seem entirely real. As the hub of the play's structure, Prince Hamlet receives along the spokes of the wheel the support or contrast of the minor characters, whose functions might be likened to the rim. As the influence of their actions and philosophies flows from

each of them inward to Hamlet, at first it might seem that their weaknesses are allowed to surround or frame him in that the power of his character and the rightness of his cause and method may serve as contrast. But, upon closer examination, it becomes evident that the indecision and corruption flowing in to Hamlet often receive his contempt, his satire, or his vehement condemnation, not merely because he recognizes them as evils within themselves, but because, consciously or unconsciously, they are dominant within his own heart, thus making even more chaotic his own inward conflicts and bewilderment. Once this paradox becomes apparent, we then see that the rottenness which is Denmark is not only flowing *to* Hamlet, but he, in turn, radiates outward to the rim or frame surrounding him, his own intensified reflection of the very evils he condemns with such stern bitterness. This reciprocating absorption-condemnation radiation cycle is employed by Shakespeare to sharpen Hamlet's self-warfare as no other device could have done. Such a pattern is evident within at least three phases of Hamlet's mind and heart.

1. *Action vs. Indecision*

The play opens in a fever of military activity with "daily cast of brazen cannon" and the forced drafting of:

> . . . shipwrights, whose sore task
> Does not divide the Sunday from the week. . . .
>
> I. 1. 75-76

In direct contrast to Hamlet's frustrating inability to execute the commands of his dead father, young Fortinbras of Norway, "of unimproved mettle hot and full" is threatening to invade Denmark to win back the lands seized by King Hamlet from Fortinbras' own uncle, King Fortinbras, and thus avenge this stain on his honor. King Claudius proves himself an effective diplomat by convincing young Fortinbras not to fight with Denmark, yet his "spirit with divine ambition puffed" will not permit him to stagnate, and in Act IV, scene 4, Fortinbras asks Denmark's permission to bring troops across her territory to fight Poland for a tiny patch of ground "that hath no profit but the name." Informed of Fortinbras' courage, his love of action, and his willingness to sacrifice two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats to gain such a trifle, Hamlet sees in contrast his own indecision, defines himself ". . . one part wisdom . . . three parts coward . . ." (IV. 4. 42) and in envy, speaks of Fortinbras, thus:

> . . . delicate and tender Prince
> Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
> Makes mouths at the invisible event,
> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> Even for an eggshell. . . .
>
> IV. 4. 48-53

But whereas Fortinbras serves as foil or contrast to Hamlet (as does his steady, loyal friend Horatio), Laertes serves to sharpen Hamlet's dilemma both as foil and as pattern. Once Laertes learns of his father's murder, he returns home furious, ready to lead indignant commonfolk against the apparently corrupt Claudius. This extreme action Hamlet justly spurns, recognizing it for the hot-headed foolishness which

is; nevertheless Hamlet's suffering nscience reminds him that at least ertes tries to do something, even ile he, with far greater justifica-n, remains inert. Yet at the burial Ophelia, it is Hamlet, not the petuous Laertes, who loses his ad entirely and jumps into the ve to release the body of his be-ed from the justifiable embrace her brother Laertes.

er. The Devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him]
ml. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
V. 1. 282-286

Then the grief-stricken Hamlet urs out his love for Ophelia and, sclaiming Laertes' right to rant d moan, so outrants him that, ite justly, Queen Gertrude de-ribes his action as "mere mad-ss." Thus the distraught Hamlet cels Laertes in displaying exces-e impulse to action, which for-erely he condemned in Laertes, en while he envied him.

*Integrity vs. Duplicity*

Polonius is a professional courtier, tterer, cynic, hypocritical fawner, d self-styled master in the shady ts of eavesdropping and social in-igue. He has his son Laertes spied while away at school, debases amlet's love for his daughter into rtation, if not lust, and eagerly fers to spy for Claudius. Hamlet lls him a calf, a fishmonger, and tedious old fool," and, upon dis-overing he has killed him accidentally, Hamlet says, "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell." Yet, ironically, it is this pompous windbag who speaks to his departing son what may be the most widely quoted lines Shakespeare ever wrote. Evaluated in terms of their source, then, the following lines are but further proof of his wordy shallowness; quoted in isolation "these few precepts" are immortal:

. . . Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy.
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
I. 3. 59-80

Though Hamlet's contempt for Polonius' duplicity was overwhelming, in fairness to Polonius it should be noted that probably he was unaware of his own dual nature. By contrast, much though he hated falseness and pretense, Hamlet's

own assumed double nature was in large part intentional, and so effective in confusing the royal household and court that by comparison Polonius dodders. And his supreme admonition, "To thine own self be true," destroyed Hamlet. As is proved by Hamlet's supreme soliloquies, no one ever desired more passionately to be true to himself, but Hamlet never knew to which of his many selves to be true; instead, in his complicating chaos, he was true to all and therefore to none.

Similarly Rosencrantz and Guildenstern intentionally assume the pretended roles of friends to Hamlet when actually they spied for Claudius, but here, as elsewhere, Hamlet beats them at their own game, for it is they who die by his hand. For a most telling revelation of his superior skill at role-playing, as well as revelation of their own gullibility, few scenes in the play are more effective than Hamlet's conversation with Guildenstern concerning pipes, clouds, weasels, and elephants (III. 2. 364 ff.). Herein the hub's radiations outward to the rim fairly glow, so brilliant are they.

3. *Control vs. Passion*

The first portion of Act III, scene 2, is devoted to an essay on temperance or control, a virtue ingrained within Hamlet's own usually controlled character, and one which he esteems most highly in others. In his famous advice to the players, his greatest plea is not to "strut and bellow" nor to:

> . . . saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags; to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant — it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.
>
> III. 2. 4-16

The substance of the long paragraph which follows, is to repeat Hamlet's plea for temperance, after which Hamlet commends loyal Horatio for his constancy and modesty, and above all, his temperance and control:

> . . . And blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core—aye, in my heart of heart,
> As I do thee. . . .
>
> III. 2. 73-79

Yet of all displays of passionate outbursts in this most intense play, none even approaches that of Hamlet himself, not only in his soliloquies but in his wild and biting words to his mother in the bedroom scene. In his scathing denunciation of her, he tears his own passion to tatters, and his mother's inmost soul as well. And who is more passion's slave than Hamlet when he intentionally destroys Ophelia's love by putting to her the most obscene questions and suggestions?

His mad ranting at Ophelia's grave proves once again, that under the carefully managed organization

the play, it is the function of the ser characters to contribute their notions, their own suggestive aknesses to Hamlet, who is the nter of the play in every sense of e word. It is Hamlet's function, turn, to magnify these currents d fallacies a hundredfold and fling em back, couched in the fiery nages of his own giant-sized etoric. If, as Thoreau intimates, ch reciprocating organization is akespeare's unconscious accomplishment, then here indeed is the unconsciousness of genius.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Do you agree that only a Hamlet could have written Shakespeare's plays? Why so?
2. Discuss the proposition that when Hamlet most vigorously condemns the weaknesses of others he is really condemning himself.
3. If Hamlet valued temperance so highly, yet was himself so intemperate, isn't he then either shallow or a hypocrite? Discuss.

# *Social Science*—Latter-day Saint Family Life

## Lesson 10—Eternal Marriage

*Elder John Farr Larson*

For Tuesday, January 28, 1958

Objective: To show the significance of temples in The Church of Jesus Christ and e advantages of temple marriage to the family.

HE family can be established for eternity only in a temple of od. All true Latter-day Saints have a goal the blessing of exaltation. emple marriage is a condition recedent to exaltation in its fulness. Exaltation is not the only lessing of temple marriage, however. Certain blessings are available now to those who embrace emple marriage and live for its benfits. They include a proper preparation for marriage, aid in selecting ne marriage companion, and adornent of the personality with basic irtues such as moral cleanliness, odesty, fidelity, and spirituality. o this must be added personal proection.

When a family is united by temle marriage, happiness is not an ccident. It flows from a set of attitudes and practices put into motion by the marriage. They include: family heritage, mutual consideration, family prayer, Church service, spirituality in the home, family organization, proper relationship to the Priesthood, and growth, both spiritual and intellectual.

The blessing of exaltation, as well as the many blessings along the way, are available only to those who live for them. The extent to which the individual complies with God's will determines worthiness for blessings.

> There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all belssings are predicated—
>
> And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130: 20-21).

*The Temple—What It Is*

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is unique in many ways, but, probably, the characteristic which distinguishes it most from other Christian denominations is its temples and the significant ordinances therein performed. Only in Latter-day Saint temples can ordinances be performed having eternal consequences. Most people consider any elaborate church edifice for public worship to be a temple, but to Latter-day Saints a temple is more than a house of worship.

> Temples . . . are sanctuaries specially dedicated for sacred rites and ceremonies pertaining to exaltation in the celestial kingdom of God (*Doctrines of Salvation*, Joseph Fielding Smith, Vol. II, page 231).

*The Marriage Covenant*

Let us now consider one of the important ordinances of the temple which has profound effect upon the establishment of the family and its role in eternity—the marriage covenant.

> God instituted marriage in the beginning . . . . this institution of marriage is not a man-made institution. It is of God . . . . God not only commends but he commands marriage (*Gospel Doctrine*, Joseph F. Smith, pages 272, 274).

The Lord performed the first marriage when he joined Adam and Eve. This was obviously intended to be for eternity, since at that time death had not come into the world.

The President of the Church, and only he, holds the keys of the binding and sealing power for eternal marriage. (See D. & C. 132:7.) Marriage for eternity must, therefore, be performed by the President or one properly acting under his authority. In addition to this, the ceremony must be performed in a temple.

A civil marriage stands wanting and empty compared to the promises made to those who pledge for time and eternity. (See D. & C. 132:14-17.) A careful analysis of the promises and blessings expected from these two contrasting marriage ceremonies should be sufficient to persuade all to be married in the temple for time and for eternity.

Blessings which attend temple marriage are of an eternal nature. Some of them are available now and here, and they have tremendous influence upon the success and happiness of each member of the Latter-day Saint home. These blessings affect the personality of the individual and assist in the preparation for marriage. The temple marriage has a refining influence upon the atmosphere of the home, and it prepares family members for Church and community service.

*Benefits Before the Marriage*

Marriage Preparation: The preparation for marriage, as for life generally, starts very early in life. By the time the marriage ceremony is performed, the way of life of the marriage participants has largely been determined. Those who have caught the spirit and vision of temple marriage are influenced to live worthy of receiving a recommend for such a marriage. High standards are maintained, uncompromised, and virtue is guarded as a priceless treasure. Those planning a temple marriage realize:

> There is more to marriage than music and moonlight; there is trust . . . and

naring . . . and being loved and deserving
) be. There is companionship through
ears of growing up and growing old to-
ther (Excerpts from "Virtue Is Its Own
eward," *The Relief Society Magazine*,
me 1956, page 377).

If we are honest with ourselves
n marriage preparation, the temple
eremony spells no drastic change
n our mode of living, but rather a
elightful continuation of the good
fe already begun. Conformity to
he temple vows follows as a natural,
omfortable sequel to what has gone
efore.

Choosing a Companion: One of
he major causes of strife between
narried persons is the difference in
eligious affiliation and background.
Those who live for a temple mar-
iage and are determined to settle
or nothing less, will go far to avoid
his cause of dissension. Chances of
narrying within the Church are
ood for the person who accepts
emple marriage as an ideal. He
hooses his friends intelligently and
liscriminately, knowing that from
hem he will eventually select a
nate whom he can take into the
emple. Dating is planned with
reat care. Somehow he doesn't
feel quite comfortable with those
having standards unlike his own. He
realizes that a partner throughout
eternity must have ideals, likes, dis-
likes, and spiritual values which go
hand in hand with his own. The
importance of similar religious af-
filiations cannot be overemphasized
in the building of a happy home,
but it is also important that the
marrying parties view in the same
light the Church's pattern of living
and have the same desire to con-
form to it. Having marriage perma-
nence in mind at the beginning
makes for wise judgment through-
out the courting and engagement
periods.

*The Atmosphere of the Home*

The greatest blessings in this life from temple marriage undoubtedly are those which affect the atmosphere of the home. Basically, the effect of temple marriage upon the family, in this life, is on the feelings and fellowship of family members. Here are some of the ways temple marriage affects the home.

1. Spirituality the foundation of the home: Couples joined in the temple ceremony attach a deep meaning to their life together, because they understand the real purpose of life and have definite, spiritual goals towards which they strive. President Joseph F. Smith once said: "An ideal home is one in which all worldly considerations are secondary" (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 302). Certainly the temple is the best place to establish this concept in the minds of future parents. The temple ceremony starts the marriage on a high spiritual plane and suggests the formula for keeping it there. It sets into operation the greatest partnership which can be formed. It introduces a spiritual refinement which, if nurtured and cultivated, can help make a home a heaven on earth. It will develop and sharpen the appetite for the best life has to offer. Knowing the place of their marriage in the eternal scheme of things, husband and wife move forward with purpose and resourcefulness, weeding out non-essentials.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you (Mt. 6:33).

With spiritual goals in mind, parents are inclined to put first things first and to make decisions which help the family and its members move in the direction of perfection. Parents who see the possibilities of the future, reflect sound planning into everyday living.

2. Love at home: If the spirit of temple marriage has really been captured, kindness and consideration will predominate in all family relationships. Tolerance and understanding will beget patience and the feelings of others will be protected at all times. If parents respect the rights of each other their children will do likewise. Latter-day Saints consider rearing a family to be their most sacred responsibility. Children are regarded as a blessing and, when so regarded and reared under the influence of the Church, the real spirit of the home is born. This spirit, often called love, is the spirit that shrinks the problems of life to the small size. (See Lesson 13, "Love —A Basic Ingredient," for a further treatment of this subject.)

3. Relationship to Priesthood: It is in the temple where the wife's relationship to her husband's Priesthood is most vividly taught, and if a Latter-day Saint home is to operate successfully, this should be seen in proper perspective at the outset. (See Lesson 4, "Women and the Priesthood.")

4. Family prayer, which is inspired and begun on the wedding day and continued thereafter, will invite the Lord's guidance to bless the marriage and family life of the home. This observance can do more than any other single thing to influence children for good and give them the security of "family backing" and the companionship of their Father in heaven.

5. Family Heritage: The knowledge that the family unit is linked together eternally makes one more family-conscious and helps one strive to live worthy of his place in the family circle. It makes fellow members more interested in those who have preceded and those to follow, and arouses a pride in one another's achievements. A sense of family loyalty is developed which is strengthened through the years.

*The Individual Is Affected*

Temple marriage, along with other ordinances and teachings of the Church, molds the desirable personal characteristics of family members. Such attributes as charity, tolerance, mercy, forgiveness, kindness, and the like, attach themselves to those who live the gospel. Temple marriage, being an important part of the gospel, encourages these qualities. (See Lesson 7, "Be Ye Therefore Perfect.") Modesty and fidelity, however, are individual characteristics especially fostered by temple marriage. Modesty, as suggested in the temple, includes modesty of dress, speech, and general conduct. Anything of an unseemly nature is shunned and avoided. Modesty of this kind develops gentleness which permeates the entire home environment. Fidelity is developed in a marriage fashioned for eternity. Husband and wife are inclined to adhere carefully to the marriage vows, giving both loyalty and devotion. All family members learn from the parental example of fidelity to be honest with one an-

her, to perform obligations faithlly, and to find joy in so doing. he husband and wife who are true their marriage covenants make a nscious effort to plan their lives they can remain close together. ot only their religious life, but eir recreational and intellectual terests are cultivated together, in der that they do not seek the mpanionship of others in prefence to their mates. They develop ust and confidence which are never uestioned, because of their conant devotion to one another. Their ourtship does not cease with marage.

Another aspect of temple marage which has great significance to he individual is the protective hield of the endowment. President oseph Fielding Smith has said:

> If we realize what we are doing, then he endowment will be a protection to us ll our lives—a protection which a man who does not go to the Temple does not ave. . . . This protection is what these eremonies are for, in part. They save us now, and exalt us hereafter, if we will onor them (*Doctrines of Salvation*, oseph Fielding Smith, Vol. II, 252-253).

### Outside the Home

Temple marriage encourages Church service. It is important that Latter-day Saint couples regard this n a harmonious way, because it involves the devotion of time, talents, energies, and means to the work of the Lord. This requires active membership in the Church for parents and children and will lead to individual growth and development as well as widening interests and friendships. Latter-day Saints who fully understand the gospel feel a responsibility to the community in its worthy efforts. Wholesome associations outside the home are essential to a healthy marriage, as long as they do not become overbalanced. "Men are that they might have joy"—and real joy comes from a well-balanced life.

### Importance of Returning to the Temple

Couples who have been married in the temple receive added joy and understanding each time they return to the temple. The full significance of the temple ceremony is not absorbed from one attendance at a temple session. Included in the benefits ensuing from returning to the temple on occasion after the marriage are:

1. Added knowledge concerning, and clarification of, the finer points of the endowment are received.
2. An opportunity is provided to do something essential for someone else—which develops a spirit of unselfishness and service within the home.
3. It is a spiritual uplift to review covenants made in the temple, and thus we are helped to live close to the Lord.
4. As individuals mature, the temple ceremony becomes more significant as it is viewed in the light of added experience and greater understanding.
5. Parents who are conversant with temple procedures are prepared to assist their children and accompany friends who are visiting the temple for the first time.
6. The romance and beauty surrounding the courtship and marriage are not forgotten. The sweetheart relationship must be maintained throughout a marriage to make it successful. It is an emotional necessity.
7. Emotional comfort and intellectual refreshment come from quietness and meditation.

### Temple Marriage and Exaltation

While there are many advantages and blessings available in this life

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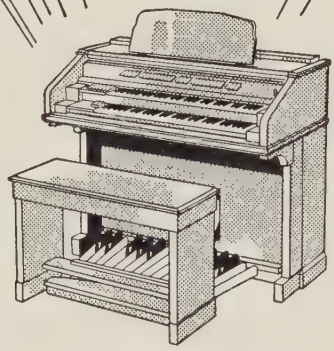

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to those who are married in the temple, the greatest blessings are to be experienced after our mortal life. The eternity of the family and the happiness which this affords have previously been discussed. (See "The Family Is Forever," Lesson 8, *The Relief Society Magazine*, July 1957.)

Probably the greatest blessing of all lies in the opportunity which temple marriage affords for exaltation. There can be no fulness of exaltation in the celestial kingdom without this sacred ordinance having first been performed. Those who marry by civil authority alone have no promise as to exaltation in the hereafter, but they shall be servants or "ministering angels" (D. & C. 132:14-17). Eternal marriage is so important that neither a man nor a woman can alone be exalted. Marriage in the temple for time and eternity is the Lord's way, and those who contract marriage in this way and keep his commandments will be eternally blessed.

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8. *Gospel Doctrine*, Joseph F. Smith, hapter 24, "Eternal Life and Salvation," p. 428-477.
9. "My Daughter Prepares for Marriage," Harold B. Lee, *The Relief Society Maga- ine*, June 1955, page 348.
10. Conference Address, Harold B. Lee, he One Hundred Twenty-Seventh An- ual Conference, April 1957, page 20.

## Questions for Discussion

1. What is a temple to a Latter-day aint? To the world?
2. Discuss how the temple building rogram of the Church extends blessings o people of other nations.
3. What are the eternal blessings which ollow temple marriage?
4. How can we best influence our chil- ren to go to the temple?
5. Why is it important to return to he temple often?

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## *Autumn Leaf on the Beach*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

Shake the sun from your eyes.
The city calls.
A gold leaf lies
Where the bright sand falls.

The poplar's mandarin
Obelisk
Is beginning to thin
And the nights are brisk.

Lost now the pealing
Of feathery tunes
While silence goes wheeling
Above the dunes.

The winds are erasing
The pattern of feet
With moire tracing
The waves repeat.

The trappings of summer
Are thin and old,
And a white newcomer
Will smother her gold.

## *First Bath*

*Christie Lund Coles*

Be careful now—
This pan will do—
This is something
Requiring two;

Bend your elbow,
Be very sure
The water is
The right temperature;

Get the downy towel,
Her very own,
And the soap as white
As clouds, windblown;

Lower her slowly
Into the water,
This miracle,
A new granddaughter.

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## *Sunday Evening*

*Margery S. Stewart*

Our meeting house is just
Above the hill,
Close enough for walking.
The path is narrow,
One side the boulevard,
And on the left the still
Canyon where small things burrow.
I did not know frogs
Lived in cities,
But they live here
In the lush green of the gully
By someone's pool.
From their hundred throats
A hundred pities
Pour out for us
Brushing their cool
Paradise. There are crickets;
Roses make a melody.
That sounds nonsensical, yet
I walk through music. I hear
Notes of palms, trumpets of the sky,
The drums of passing cars.
I reach the chapel, how very clear
It, too, sings on this night.
Melody, fragrance, beauty flows
Where? From heaven to earth?
From earth to heaven? He knows.

## *Autumn*

Vesta N. Lukei

How crisp the autumn air
And quick the season's flight,
So brief each windy leaf,
The earth so frosty white!
How precious is this time
The moon has silvered bright.
These autumn moments must
Be captured in their flight . . .
Together, we can hold
This wonder and delight.

## *Birthday Congratulations*

**Ninety-five**

Mrs. Mary Ann Jones Rhodes
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Emily Porter Parrish
Farmington, Utah

**Ninety-two**

Mrs. Honora Fergonson Jones
Los Angeles, California

**Ninety-one**

Mrs. Margaret Delia Taylor
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Amanda Bailey Murray
Wellsville, Utah

**Ninety**

Mrs. Lauretta Jane Kohl Cole
Dewey, Oklahoma

Mrs. Ida Nicholas Durffee
Pocatello, Idaho

Mrs. Henrietta McAffee
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Nellie Alberta Lambert
Van Nuys, California

## *Pyromania*

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

Sound the alarm!
The sky is on fire!
A holocaust, burning
Up higher and higher.

It kindled with leaves
And rapidly spread.
There are billows of clouds;
Every cliff reflects red.

The spectacular blaze
Is attracting a crowd.
Such flagrance in sunsets
Should not be allowed!


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# From Near and Far

Thanks for the article "A Nursery Will Be Maintained," by Edna H. Day, in the June issue of the *Magazine*, and the clear picture it gives of that most essential part of Relief Society—the nursery and the nursery teacher. The poem at the end of the article made me weep for my own mother, whose grandchildren are far away . . . . Turning my children over to the Relief Society nursery while I enjoy the stimulating lessons is a real treat for me.

—Mrs. James K. Nickerson
Austin, Texas

I really do not know how to thank you enough for the happiness given me by our wonderful *Magazine*, which has been something to look forward to every month during my long sickness and accident. . . . I was seventy-five years old on the 25th of July. I send love to Brother Boyer [former president of the British Mission] and Sister Boyer.

—E. A. Olive
Bury, Lancashire
England

My name has been on *The Relief Society Magazine* subscribers' list for the past two years, and I have enjoyed reading the articles for Latter-day Saint women. I have learned much since the time I have joined the Church and have become interested in Relief Society, about the early history of the Church and its people to the present time.

—Eileen Green
Alameda, California

I have enjoyed very greatly receiving *The Relief Society Magazine* during my mission here in Sweden. It has been a gift to me from the Millville, Utah, Relief Society sisters, which I have been very grateful for. I feel that the articles printed in the *Magazine* are also of great interest to the men of the Church. Many of my thoughts for speaking have been taken from the *Magazine*.

—Elder Rodney Anderson
Umea, Sweden

I was indeed pleased to see Edna Day's fine article "A Nursery Will Be Maintained" in the June issue of the *Magazine*. I especially liked the sonnet ending. I also enjoyed Frances Yost's story "Society Sonnets" in the August issue. I am grateful to Edna Day for many things. It was she and another friend and neighbor, Fern McClellan, and, of course, my old friend Shakespeare, who nudged me to go to Relief Society. Edna is the literature teacher, and her lessons are especially apt. She had us make Shakespeare scrapbooks with some pictures and mimeographed "bests" from the plays as we studied them. . . . . Then we went into sonnet writing, and some of us wrote both Christmas and Easter sonnets. The sonnets were added to our scrapbooks, too, because, of course, we had a sonnet section.

—Mrs. Adah Lempke
Idaho Falls, Idaho

As a Relief Society literature teacher, I wish to express appreciation for Frances C. Yost's "Society Sonnets" in the August *Magazine*, and the editorial "Pen in Hand" by Sister Crawford in the May issue. They have both been inspirational and helpful to me. Sister Crawford's article was the basis of a fine lesson for the visiting teachers given by one of our former officers, Sister Ann Kelley. She also used many of the excellent poems published in the *Magazine*.

—Elsie C. Carroll
Salt Lake City, Utah

I have just finished reading the short stories and the wonderful poems in the July issue of the *Magazine*. They are all so excellent that I cannot decide which one of them I like the best. It is a joy to read such wholesome realistic work. In each poem, I feel as if it were written just for me—with beauty and with a lesson.

—Miss Jackie Jensen
Portland, Oregon

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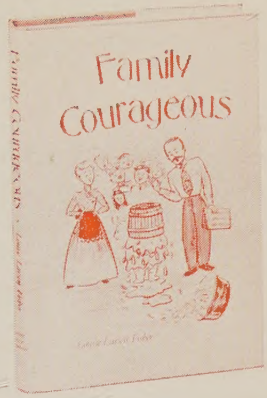


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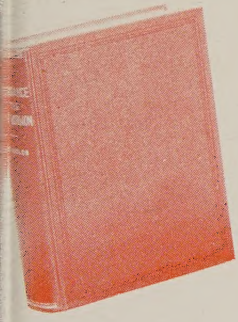

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